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1882.

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ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' GINGHAM COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This engraving illustrates a beautiful toilette of pale blue zephyr gingham, its striking simplicity and stylish construction making the mode especially charming for rural games and rambles and even for afternoon promenades. The skirt is one of the newest fashions for a plain, round skirt, and is exquisitely designed both as regards length and breadth. Three bias folds of the material, piped with delicate pink, encircle the skirt several inches above the lower edge, the folds being arranged so as to slightly overlap one another, and the upper one being sewed on so as to turn down over its seam. The result is extremely neat, and offers a pretty contrast with more elaborate toilettes. The pattern to the skirt is No. 8150, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. It is an admirable shape for all kinds of dress goods, whether thick or thin; and its capacity for handsome garnitures is as unlimited as the possible variations of their arrangement.

The polonaise is one of the prettiest of the Summer fashions for fair women, and is a beautiful mode for floriated satins, foulards, batistes, etc., with either simple or elaborate garnitures of lace or em-

broidery. A perfectly plain finish is observable in this instance, such a completion being in pleasing harmony with the skirt. The adjustment is performed in the most stylish manner by arching darts and seams, and the back seams are continued all the way down in Jersey fashion. Shirr-strings, inserted in double casings formed over the under-arm seams underneath, raise the drapery high and gracefully at the sides, and shape the front into stylish, round *paniers*. Hooks and loops close the fronts, and ribbon bows, arranged at equal intervals down the closing, render the garment quite dressy, the lowest bow being formed of long loops and longer ends. Upon the wrist of the close coat sleeve a fancy cuff is simulated with the material piped with pink, and linen cuffs and a linen "choker" collar are worn as *lingerie*. The polonaise pattern, which is No. 8157, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.

In white silk and light-textured wool fabrics the polonaise is very pretty, and may be elaborated with laces, embroideries, ruffles, etc., to the heart's content. Sheer lawns,



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' GINGHAM COSTUME.

nainsooks, cashmeres, barred muslins and similar white goods are pretty for Summer costumes.



8179



8158

LADIES' SHIRRED WAIST.

No. 8158.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for lining. Price, 25 cents.



8179

LADIES' WALK-

No. 8179.—The pattern to this ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist without the trimming here represents $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be re-

ING SKIRT.
pretty walking-skirt is in 9 sizes for measure. In constructing the skirt, select, for a lady of medium size, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8159



8155

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8155.—To make this basque for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8159

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8159.—The pattern to this stylish walking-skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt, without the trimming, for a lady of medium size, will require $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8171

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 8171.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, the costume needs 7 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards of goods 36 inches wide, with 2½ yards of lining goods 36 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8174

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8174.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, requires 12½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 6½ yards 48 inches wide, together with 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide for trimming. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8151

MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 8151.—To make this basque for a miss of 11 years, will require 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 36 inches wide, or 1¼ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

8176
Front View.8176
Back View.

BOYS' CAMISOLE.

No. 8176.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for boys from 3 to 12 years of age. In constructing the camisole for a boy of 7 years, 1½ yard of material 36 inches wide will be found necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8164

MISSES' COSTUME, WITH
ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 8164.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For a miss of 10 years, it needs 5½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 27 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8165

LADIES' CORSET-WAIST.

No. 8165.—A comfortably designed corset-waist is here pictured. Any variety of under-clothing goods may be used in making it. The pattern to the waist is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 3½ yards of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8169

Front View.

GIRLS'

No. 8169.—This is a very elegant style of girls' nightgown, made of any preferred material. To fit a girl of 6 years, will require 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age.



8169

Back View.

DRESS.

little dress may be made of any material. To make the dress as pictured will require 3 yards of material 36 inches wide, or 1½ yards. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8172

*Front View.*GIRLS'
NIGHT-

No. 8172.—Any appropriate material, 24 inches wide, required in night-dress for years. The lace, embroidery, tucks, inser-tions, etc., and posies to please the wearer. The sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age.



8178

Front View.

CHILD'S SLIP.

No. 8178.—Pale pink chambrey is pictured in this instance, and narrow white braid forms the trimming. A *guimpe* or dress may be worn underneath the slip. The pattern is in 9 sizes for children from 2 to 10 years of age. To make the slip for a child of 5 years, 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8178

*Back View.*YOKE
DRESS.

Of muslin or any material 36 yards will be required to make this a girl of 6 years old. The pattern may be made in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. Price, 25 cents.

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SUMMER FLOWERS.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

No. 8.



LEAVING HOME.

WHEN little birds, new-fledged, have learnt to fly,
With scant regret they quickly leave the nest
Where they have found such loving care and rest,
And, full of hope, mount up into the sky ;
But we—God-gifted with affection—sigh
When first we leave the old home's shelt'ring breast,
Yet gaze into the future with a zest
As keen as any bird's that soars on high.

So muse I as I watch a little maid,
Just parted from her parents, whirled away
To take her place in life as best she may,
Her thoughtful face half sunshine and half shade.
God grant, her mother's love and parting prayer
May guide her, guard her, shield her everywhere !



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POLLY'S STORY.

POLLY had gone around the house all day like one in a dream, and now at the supper-table she still presented the same grave face, the same preoccupied air. What could be the matter? Polly was usually so talkative and merry! The children whispered and giggled in a quiet way as they sipped their bread and milk; but the mother was too busy attending to their wants and waiting upon the table generally, to notice the change in Polly. While the father—well, he never paid much attention to either the sadness or the gladness of any of his six children—his mind seemed to be entirely engrossed by his farm and stock. But merry brother Hal, whose quick eyes seemed to see everything, very soon noticed Polly's abstraction. Leaning from his chair, he whispered behind Callie's curly head, "I say, Polly, what has taken your appetite? Has Will committed suicide? or been flirting with some of the girls? or—what has happened? Do relieve the anxiety of your affectionate brother!" Polly only shook her head in reply.

After supper, when the dishes were all washed and put away, Polly sat down in a quiet corner of the room at one end of the long table, and began to scribble on some bits of paper. She labored away most energetically for awhile, and then resting her elbows on the table and supporting her head between her two palms, she raised her eyes and seemed to search the opposite corner of the ceiling for more ideas.

"Don't stop yet!" whispered Hal, as he passed her on his way out of doors. "I know you have not scolded him half enough"—him meaning Will, of course.

Polly heaved a sigh of relief as the door closed upon her teasing brother. Father and all of the children, except studious little Charlie, were in bed, and her mother was busy as usual with her knitting. So now everything would be nice and quiet and she would be able to accomplish something. For Polly had decided to write a story. Others wrote them, why should not she? Yes, she would surprise her family and friends some of these days, and become known to the world as the famous—well, she had not decided upon her *nom de plume* yet, time enough for that when her story was written, thought wise little Polly. And now another idea had floated down to her from the ceiling or somewhere, and Polly was putting it upon paper with all imaginable speed, when—crunch—crunch—somebody was heard coming up the yard over the crusted snow. It was too soon for Hal, who could it be?—Will, maybe! Polly peeped into the little looking-glass to see if her crimps were all right and her tie in order before she answered the tap at the door. And Will it proved to be—quiet Will Haverstraw.

Polly's greeting was not as cordial as usual, but Mrs. Kesler welcomed him warmly (for Will was a great favorite with her), and invited him to a comfortable seat by the fire.

Polly looked longingly at the bits of paper lying on the table. What must she do? What did authoresses do when gentlemen called upon them in the midst of their work. "It would not be polite to continue writing, I am afraid," said Polly to herself, "but it is dreadfully tiresome to be obliged to sit and listen to Will's remarks about the weather and the crops, and know that my story is waiting for me—and I was getting along so nicely—that idea about the ball was just splendid." For although Polly had never attended a ball in her life, nor known any one who had, yet she felt fully competent to describe one in all its details.

"Have you seen the new minister, yet, Polly?" asked Will.

"No," replied Polly, mentally trying to determine whether she should make her heroine appear at the ball in a pink silk or a blue satin. The relative merits of each were gravely considered, and the result was in favor of the blue satin.

Meanwhile, Will was chatting away with Mrs. Kesler, and wondering what had come over Polly. No, and yes, seemed about the only words at her command. Had he said or done anything to offend her? He could think of nothing; and much puzzled, he at length said "good-night," and went home—but not till it was too late for Polly to write any more that night.

But every spare moment the next day, and for several days thereafter, Polly was busily engaged with her story, and so determinedly did she present the cold shoulder to poor Will Haverstraw, that his visits became fewer and shorter, and finally ceased altogether.

About this time Carrie Ashton gave a quilting-bee. Of course, Polly was invited, but she felt that her time was too precious to be wasted upon quilting-bees, and besides, by this time, she began to feel herself rather above such simple amusements. She would wait until her story had made her rich and famous, and then she would go to balls like her heroine of the blue satin.

So Polly stayed at home, and poor Will looked in vain for her among the groups of pretty, gay-chatting girls, and then sulked away half the evening in consequence. For he had entertained the secret hope that he would meet with Polly here, and perhaps the cloud that had settled between them might by some happy chance have cleared away. Finally he was coaxed from the quiet corner into which he had withdrawn, by pretty Mary Seaton, and beguiled by her into joining the merry games which were then being played, and at the close of the evening he gallantly escorted that happy young lady home.

A day or two afterwards, Will met Polly in a sleigh, driving old Bess, and evidently going to the village. Her bow and salutation were as cold as was the weather. "Good morning, Mr. Haverstraw," and she drove past leaving Will standing in the road gazing after her in open-mouthed astonishment.

As he recovered himself, he gave a prolonged "Whew!"—then—"Mr. Haverstraw, indeed! Why it has been Will and Polly all our lives. I suppose I shall have to call her Miss Kesler after this. What has come over her?" and Will slowly resumed his walk, pondering anew the change in Polly.

He would have felt much surprised if any one had told him that he himself had helped to widen the breach between them.

Just as Polly was preparing to go to the village that morning Nancy Ellis had called. Now Nancy was the neighborhood gossip, and as the latest piece of news she had proceeded to give a detailed account of Carrie Ashton's quilting-bee, with all the sayings and doings connected therewith. "And I tell you, Miss Polly, you had better keep a sharper look-out upon Will Haverstraw! He was just as devoted to Mary Seaton that night as could be, and saw her home after the party was over; and then yesterday I see him out sleighing with a young lady which I am most sure, was Mary," and Polly grinned somewhat maliciously, Polly thought. But Polly only gave her head a toss, as much as to say it was of no consequence to her who Will chose to go with, and Nancy continued:

"Them Seatons are noted for running off with other girls' beaux. There seems to be something sorter bewitchin' about them. Now there's Sarah Dorsey—she was a Seaton, you know, and John Dorsey had been waitin' on Hetty Warren as reg'lar as could be and everybody thought they'd be married and all at once he went to flyin' around with Sarah, and it was not long before they were married; and Annie—you recollect Annie, the oldest girl"—but here Polly excused herself and hastened out to where old Bess stood shaking her bells, leaving her mother to listen to the remainder of Nancy's tale; and right glad was Polly to escape from it. She had heard more than enough, for her heart was a little sore on the question of Will and had been for some time. She had intended to try and make some amends for past coldness the next time she saw him; but now Nancy's words had driven these good resolutions out of her mind and as she rode along she felt decidedly angry with Will—which was all very unreasonable, you may say, but then people are often so, and Polly was no exception to the general rule. And so it was that Will had received the salutation which had so greatly astonished him.

But Polly knew nothing of this and drove on to the village in a rather perturbed state of mind.

Having attended to the many errands committed to her charge she finally stopped old Bess at the door of the village post office and with many tremors, although putting on a brave face, she went in and mailed a small packet to —, publishers, for she had at last finished her story and had determined on this eventful morning to send it forth to meet its fate; and very glad did little Polly feel when this last errand was accomplished. And yet Polly drove homeward with a very sober face.

Several weeks passed by. The air had grown milder and softer, and spring's footsteps might be traced in the delicate sprays of trailing arbutus and the swaying stems of pale anemones, while here and there an early violet or the purple-veined liverwort could be seen shyly peeping from beneath its leafy cover—a promise of better things by and by.

But Nature's face did not seem as bright as usual to Will Haverstraw as he made his way one pleasant morning through the piece of woodland that formed a part of Mr. Kesler's farm, adjoining Will's own place. Even the songs of the birds did not seem as sweet as in the days gone by. Will could not have told why, but he missed Polly's friendly smile and bright, pleasant companionship and to-day he felt their loss more keenly than ever; perhaps because of his surroundings—the scene of many of their childish pleasures and adventures. Crowning the slope to his right stood a group of huge chestnut-trees. What seasons of delightful nuttings Will recalled as he stood and gazed up at their now leafless branches! How often he and Hal Kesler had scaled their great trunks and sent the prickly burs with their ripe, glossy contents down in showers upon the heads of the merry, shouting group of children below, with Polly in their midst, the busiest of the busy. Farther on, near the little brook, stood a large beech-tree, upon which Will had neatly carved his own and Polly's name, while Polly stood near and watched with smiling approval. Will sighed as he read the date—a year ago last autumn. How different everything was now! Presently he neared the glade in which as children they had held their May-day festivals, and on the very last one Polly had been the chosen queen. How well Will recollects the little airs of conscious dignity which Polly had thought proper to assume on that occasion and how quickly those same little airs had flown to the winds in the merry games that followed! He left the beaten path and entered the glade. Some one was there before him. There, upon the dismantled throne of the May-queen, sat Polly, her face buried in her hands and weeping bitterly.

All the coldness and indifference of the past was forgotten by Will as he witnessed his quondam

playmate's suffering. Quietly going up to where she sat he knelt beside her and softly calling her by name, he inquired the cause of her grief. Polly started up and would have run away, but Will held her fast and gradually he drew from her the whole story of "*Polly's Story*," and its rejection at the hands of the hard-hearted publisher, which last fact had been the primary cause of Polly's great distress, though whether Will's estrangement had not given an added bitterness to the briny drops, I am not prepared to say.

But, be that as it may, Will turned comforter, and so well did he perform his part that before they bade each other "good-bye" he had brought the smiles back to Polly's face.

And Mary Seaton could not have won Will Haverstraw after all, even though a member of such an *exceedingly winning family*, for in that large white farm-house over the hill lives to-day Will and his little wife, Polly. And Polly laughs and says she is now content to live her *story* and leave the writing of it to somebody else.

ESTHER DE B.—

"MAGIC NUMBERS AND PERSUASIVE SOUND."

IT is related of Frederic Chopin that his power with the pianoforte was such that he could hush the pupils of his father's school even in their most unruly moments. One day, when Professor Chopin was out, there was a frightful scene. Barcinaki, the master present, was at his wits' end, when Frederic, we are told, happily entered the room. Without deliberation he requested the roysterers to sit down, called in those who were making a noise outside and promised to improvise an interesting story on the piano if they would be quiet. All were instantly still as death and Frederic sat down to the instrument and extinguished the lights. He described how robbers approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise from within. Without delay they fled, on the wings of the wind, into a deep, dark wood, where they fell asleep under the starry sky. He played more and more softly, as if trying to lull children to rest, till he found that his hearers had actually fallen asleep. The young artist crept out of the room to his parents and sisters and asked them to follow him with a light. When the family had amused themselves with the postures of the sleepers, Frederic sat down again to the piano and struck a thrilling chord, at which they all sprang up in a fright. A hearty laugh was the *finale* of this musical joke.

REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—*Charles Dickens.*

NOT TOO LATE!

PART I.

A CLEAR, cold autumn night. The stars were brighter than diamonds, and the full moon shone down solemnly, from a dark-blue sky without a cloud. Lights twinkled from the upper windows all along the one street of the village of Weston, among the Berkshire hills. The quiet, respectable families—the orderly, law-abiding denizens of the village would all be in their beds before the "town clock," that had just been put up on the Congregational Church tower, should toll the hour of eleven.

But at the lower end of the street stood an old-fashioned tavern without an idea of early closing. A great, square house, with a wide piazza all around it on the first and second stories. In its prime, the house had been painted a delicate buff-color, with shutters of deep green. But, during the lapse of years, the place had changed owners far too often for its own good. Now it looked shabby and forlorn, as well it might. From being an honest farm-house, standing in the midst of its own valuable lands, it had come to this sad fate! It was the curse, as it had once been one of the blessings of that village among the hills.

Its landlord, Seneca Emms, was a keen, hard, grasping speculator, outwardly cheery and genial in manner to those who had money to spend with him, but cruel as death, where poverty invited oppression, and had no power to resent it.

On this particular evening, he was standing within his well-furnished bar. His snaky, black eyes gleamed as he looked around at the well-laden shelves, the cheerful fire, the cozy seats in a half-circle before it, and the deep red curtains at the window, that reflected and intensified the warm glow within.

"The best trade going!" he muttered, rubbing his hands gleefully together. "I shall be a rich man before my boy grows old enough to be hurt by anything he sees here. Just let me rake in one more pile out of the pockets of these fools, and then we will all go West, and I'll buy a farm for my boy to manage, and the handsomest horse that can be found for money, for him to ride."

"Seneca!" said a hoarse, pleading voice beside him. The landlord turned to confront a tall, powerfully-built man, shabbily dressed, and some fifty years of age. His face was thin, his beard was unshaven and his large, dark-grey eyes shone from their sunken sockets like two flames of fire.

"Seneca! I haven't a cent in the world. Give me one glass for mercy's sake!" he said, as earnestly as if life hung upon the granting of the boon.

"Seneca!" repeated the landlord, contemptuously. "What right have you to call me Seneca,

I'd like to know? Why don't you say, Mr. Emma?"

"We were boys together," said the man, brokenly. "The old name comes most natural. For the sake of those school-days, don't refuse what I ask. I have had nothing to eat to-day, and not a drop to drink. Give me something, if you want to keep me alive to-night!"

"I can't afford to find you in liquor, gratis, Horace Knight. Bring the money and you shall have all you want."

"I tell you I haven't a cent," replied Horace Knight, wildly. "And I feel as if I was going mad! Nothing but liquor can wipe out from my memory what I saw this day!"

"I heard of that," said Seneca Emms, suppressing a grin, as he leaned comfortably back against the bar with his hands in his pockets.

"Heard of it! Every one has heard. *But I saw it!*" half-sobbed the wretched, ruined, drunkard. "I saw my home—the home my father left me—closed and locked against me, by the man who owns it now. I saw my wife—my Mary—taken away by the overseer of the poor, in his carriage, to the poor farm! She was ill—starving—in that empty house! My little son was starving with her. To-night they are paupers! Mary—Judge Weston's only daughter! I was so proud when I married her! I was sure that I should be a great, good man, and now I am here, like this, and my wife and boy are among the 'town's poor.' It is all your doing, Seneca Emms! But for this accursed bar of yours I should be happy and respected, with Mary and my boy beside me now. You have all that I once owned, and now you refuse me when I ask for a little liquor to drown what I have seen and felt this day! Give me some, at once, or I'll murder you!"

"You won't get any here, and you must be off out of this before respectable people come in, for the evening," said the landlord, scornfully. "If you have paid all your money out to me, *the more fool you!* I'll keep it now I have got it, I assure you. And as for your Mary, she may look back now, and wish she had taken me, instead of you, as she might have done, if she had been wise. Judge Weston's daughter hadn't a civil word for me in those days. You both looked down upon me. But who has the best of it in the end, I wonder?"

"You devil! have you deliberately planned to ruin me, and bring such misery upon Mary, because she refused to marry you when we were all young together?" cried Horace Knight, seizing him by the throat.

"Help! help! he is killing me!" shouted the frightened landlord. The next moment the room was full. Horace Knight was dragged to the door and thrust out, with cursing and contumely. He gathered his scattered senses together, and striking

out into the open country, he was soon leaning over the yard gate of his deserted farm.

The town authorities had long threatened to interfere and take his wife and child away, unless he supported them properly. Now the blow had fallen! This old red farm-house, comfortable-looking even now, after so long a reign of penury and desolation, was home to him no more.

Mary, his wife, had been carried out from that door that day, insensible, through severe illness, to the change. He had seen her face, wan, white and wasted, with its fast-closed eyes. The little boy went gayly to his new home, where the overseer told him he should have nice playmates, and plenty to eat and drink. He laughed aloud, when the bay horse drew the carriage away at a swift trot.

Hidden beneath the thick branches of an evergreen tree upon the hill that overlooked the house, the wretched inebriate had watched this destruction of his home.

Mary was not conscious—she was too ill to know what they were doing—or cruel as he had been to her, she would have begged to be left with him. But the boy, his only child, was glad to go! He would grow up, ignorant of his father, caring nothing for him, ashamed of him, perhaps, if he should ever chance to meet him on the street!"

"No!" cried the poor sinner, striking his clinched hand upon the gate, "he shall not despise me! I'll reform—I'll work—I'll be a man again! At least, I could do it if I did not long so for liquor! Oh, curse it, and curse those who tempt me with it!" he passionately exclaimed. "I am its slave, body and soul, and so I must live and die! I can never look my wife and boy in the face again. Too late! Too late!"

He leaned his head down upon his folded arms and burst into an agony of prayers, and sobs, and tears.

"Nothing is too late—nothing is impossible with God!" said a brave, kindly voice in his ear. A friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Horace, when we were boys, how often we have stood here like this, at the old red gate planning what our future lives were to be," the voice went on. "I thought of it just now, as I rode by and saw you here. And I tied Jack to a tree and came to you. You know who I am, Horace?"

The heavy, heart-broken sobs ceased. The drunkard was listening. Now he looked up into the bluff, cherry face of Doctor Ben, as he was generally called among those hills.

"Benjamin Franklin Benton, M. D." That was his full name and title. But those who knew and loved him, the same being ninety-and-nine out of every hundred men, women and children, he was ever, and only, Doctor Ben.

"Yes, I know you," said the inebriate, sadly. "In all Weston, there is no other man that would speak to me, as you do. Ben—Ben—oh, my God! Just think how I planned in those evenings when we stood here, and look at me now! You have hit your mark. You always said you would be a doctor, and you are the best one in Berkshire, and every one blessed your name. While I—my Mary and my boy are town paupers to-night, and that fiend, Seneca Emma, after ruining me, has dared to say that Mary—"

"There! there! Let Seneca Emma alone. Leave him to God. Forget him. Don't look back at what has been. Look forward, Horace, as you used to, in this place. I believe God sent me here to find you, for this is not my usual way home, and why Jack turned down this lane, off the common, I could not imagine. Horace, tell me one thing. Will you sign the pledge?"

"I would, Ben, if I could keep it. But what is the use?"

"Do you want this farm back?" asked the doctor. "Do you want your wife—your child—here in the old home again?"

"Ben, don't torture me!"

"It can be done, Horace, with the help of God. For the first time since you began this downward course you fully see its wickedness and folly. That is a great point gained. Now try manfully to remedy the evil. I will help you. God will help you. It is not too late. It never can be too late for God's mercy to rescue you, if you will only faithfully try to aid in the rescue yourself."

"I wish I could!" groaned the poor drunkard; "but no one except you would have faith in me. I could not get work here, to begin with, and if I should sign the pledge and break it, oh, then how they would all sneer, and poor Mary would be more heart-broken then than she is now, if that could be possible."

I don't mean you to try in Weston, Horace. I wish to send you to a friend of mine, who will employ you and watch over you just as I would. It is my brother Eric. You used to be very fond of him at school," said the doctor.

"Yes; but Eric isn't you, Ben. Give it up, my dear fellow, and let me hang or drown myself and be done with it. I have no heart, no hope, no strength. I am only fit to die."

"I never saw any one much *more unfit* to die than you, Horace. But we won't stand talking here. You must come home with me and take some supper and some strong hot coffee. By the midnight train I will go with you to Eric's house and stay with you several days until the worst of your struggle is over. It will be a hard one, of course; but you can endure it, with the help of God. Come, dear old boy! be guided by me and try once more. I prophesy that yonder windows shall shine out brightly for your home-coming yet

and that Mary and the boy shall meet you many a time at yonder door."

Talking thus the good-hearted doctor finally managed to lead the unhappy man away.

At his own house he gave him a warm bath and a change of clothes before seeing him seated at a plentiful meal. Few of the loungers about the old tavern would have recognized the "village drunkard" in the well-dressed gentleman who accompanied Doctor Ben to the station a few hours later, and who was whirled away in his company by a western express train.

PART II.

YEARS passed away. The village had missed Horace Weston, of course. But it had been glad to miss him, on the whole. Doctor Ben kept his own counsel, and only one true heart mourned for the wanderer—or for the dead—Mary Knight dared not ask herself which.

The old "Knight homestead," like the old tavern stand, had fallen upon evil times. It was the property of a lawyer who lived in the village and who had no use for a farm except to let it. Let it was accordingly, with the usual result. Every tenant took as much as he possibly could out of the land and gave back as little as his conscience, or rather his interest would let him. Fences were broken down and burned, windows were broken, boards hung loose in the wind—in three words, "rake and ruin," the best description of such a well-understood state of affairs can be given.

"It is more plague than profit, by far!" said Lawyer Paul French, in a passion, one day, at the village store. "I paid fifteen hundred dollars for the ramshackle old place. If I could get seven hundred and fifty for it to-morrow, I would take it."

At nine o'clock the next morning Doctor Ben dismounted from the trusty cob, "Jack," at the lawyer's door.

"If you really meant what you said yesterday, I have an offer for you for the Knight homestead," he observed.

"It must be cash down, Doctor Ben. I shall lose half my money. Serve me right, for being such a fool. I won't have any fuss about mortgages, with the rest."

"All right."

That evening Doctor Ben called and paid seven hundred and fifty dollars into the lawyer's hands.

The deed of the farm was made out in his own name; and every one wondered and prepared to wail in case their favorite physician should be thinking of deserting them for a farm.

Doctor Ben only smiled cheerily when closely questioned by his nervous patients. "Wait and see!" was the only reply he gave.

The long, cold winter had passed away and spring was coming, gently smiling, toward the waiting land.

Mary Knight stood at the door of her cottage one balmy afternoon, watching her little Horace as he played about the yard. She had left the almshouse as soon as her illness was over and establishing herself in this humble little house, she had managed to earn a scanty living by her needle for herself and the boy.

The smell of the freshly-turned earth that the child was digging with his small spade came floating upward on the warm air. Her heart seemed to contract upon itself with a sudden, sharp pain. How often she had inhaled and enjoyed that delicious fragrance on the dear old home farm, when Horace was plowing the hill field, the spotted oxen so obedient to his call and a small army of petted fowls following securely and gratefully in his steps, as if he was the sole owner of the crop of worms that they found.

How it all rose up before her—the happy, contented animals, the animated cackling, clucking and fluttering, the cheery whistle from the hill-top, the tall, straight figure outlined against the sky, waving hat or hand to herself and baby at the door.

"Oh, where is he now? My poor, poor husband!" she sobbed, turning her tearful eyes away from the boy.

"Mary!" shouted some one from the gate.

"Doctor Ben! Good Doctor Ben!" exclaimed Horace, capering about. "Mother! he wants you!"

"With your shawl and bonnet on, in a jiffy, please. The boy can go, too. Just as you are and just as he is, Mary. You are both always as neat and nice as new pins."

"Is it an accident? I'll come in a moment, doctor!"

Mary flew in and speedily reappeared dressed for a drive, and carrying the child's hat in her hand. Doctor Ben had often employed her as a nurse for his well-to-do patients, much to the increase of her small income.

"The new owner of the Knight homestead," explained the doctor, as Jack and the carriage turned into the well-known lane, with Horace driving. "He suffers from a pain in the heart. You can cure him if any one can."

Mary did not answer. The child, of course, had no recollection of his early home. But every step that the swift horse took seemed planted on her own aching heart.

"I cannot! I cannot live here as a nurse!" she said, when the doctor alighted and lifted Horace out. It would kill me. Take me back, please, Doctor Ben. You can find some one else to come here."

"I don't know what the owner will say to that," debated the doctor. "Just get out and speak to him, yourself, Mary."

"I cannot! I cannot go into that house again!"

"That is wicked of you, Mary. For a year past the owner has kept me at work out here buying back all the animals, so far as they could be had, that used to be on the place; and all the furniture, as well as the animals, had to be replaced and the home restored to its old look in every way. 'Mary must have this, that and the other.' Those were my continual orders and now you won't even look at the poor fellow by way of thanks?"

"Doctor, for God's sake, tell me what you mean!" she said, turning very pale as he helped her to alight.

"I mean that when Horace disappeared from Weston, he went resolved to take the pledge and to try to reform. God has helped him to do it, Mary. God has given him the strength to work, to earn a small fortune, to bring it back to you untouched except for the purchase of this place, which is settled upon you. By his orders I have made everything here as it used to be, as far as I could. Here is your dear old home, Mary. Here is your wife waiting to welcome you at the door, just as I told you it would be, Horace. It was not too late for God to save you. Be happy together and pray for others, that God may save them, too!"

As Doctor Ben spoke, he threw open the door of the sitting-room. A bright light from the open fire streamed over the familiar furniture and the laden supper table, and over the figure of a tall, bearded man, who came eagerly forward to meet them.

"No, Mary; no, Ben; it is never too late, thank God!" said a manly voice. And with a sense of happiness so keen as to be almost pain, Horace Knight, the reformed drunkard, clasped his wife and child to his faithful breast once more.

MARY FRANCIS.

POPULAR INSECTS.—The fashion of wearing live beetles is carried to a great extent in Brazil. A well-known resident has a beetle with a collar of gold, which meets at the top and is there ornamented with a diamond of great value. The insect has a cage surrounded by the plants among which it lives in its native state and nothing is neglected to make it as comfortable as possible. But the most popular insect used for an ornament is a small phosphorescent beetle. These are often worn fastened in the hair, and as the two phosphorescent or light-giving spots are on the sides of the head, the black insect is of course invisible, especially when in the raven locks of the fair Brazilians. Twenty or thirty of these beetles will throw out a light sufficient to read by, and when arranged around the head in a circle, or grouped over the forehead and held in place, the effect is beautiful.

A CURIOUS FERN.

OUR illustration represents a beautiful species of maiden-hair, *Adiantum Edgeworthii*, found in Northern India, near the Himalaya Mountains. Its fine, delicate leaf resembles that of our native maiden-hair, *Adiantum pedatum*.

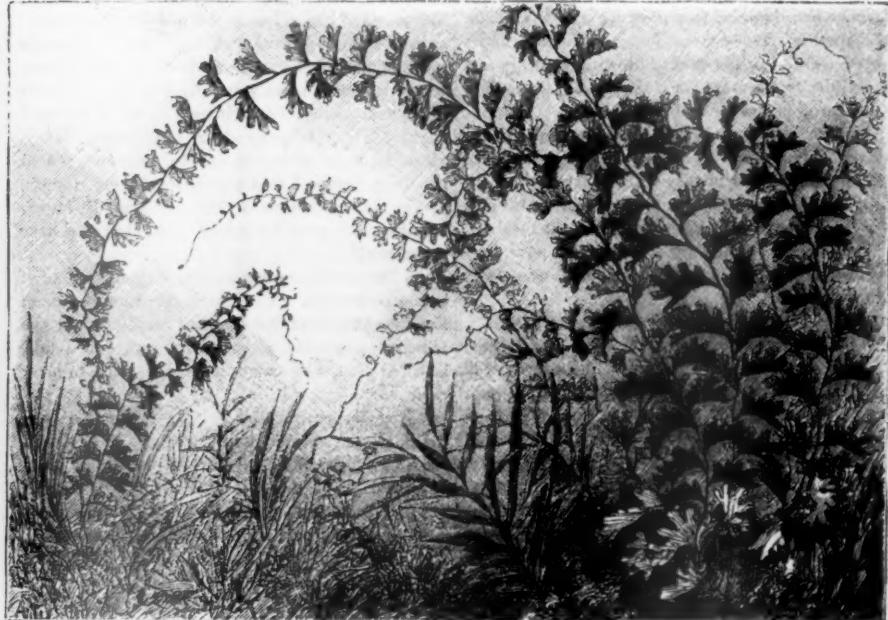
It also resembles another of our rare ferns, the walking-fern, *Camptosorus rhizophyllus*, in that it roots from the end of the leaf. The frond, having fully developed, extends into a thread-like projection, which, falling to the ground, takes root and gives rise to new plants, so that the

MORNING WORK.

LORD EGREMONT once invited Turner to stay a week at Petworth and paint two pictures for him of some favorite bits of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing.

The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do; and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again.

On the third morning Lord Egremont thought



same fern seems continually to change its position.

Another beautiful species of maiden-hair is *Adiantum capillus veneris*, a native of England. It usually grows in moist caves and on the sides of perpendicular rocks near the coast.

The *Adiantum capillaire*, we believe, is the species usually cultivated in conservatories and is indigenous to Japan.

Wonderful medicinal properties—mostly fabulous—have been claimed for the *Adiantum*. One species is used to make a syrup, said to be a refreshing beverage when diluted with water. The various kinds of maiden-hair are generally found in rich, deep woods, especially within the tropics.

he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing.

On the fourth morning Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said:

"Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow, and I felt anxious about the pictures."

"Come up-stairs to my room," said Turner, "and set your mind at rest."

Nothing could excel the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing.

SONGSTERS OF THE AIR.

I SPEAK for those who cannot speak ;
 Who cannot, did I say ?
 Were ever poet's rarest gems
 More eloquent than they ?

Our Heavenly Father's loving care
 Gave these good gifts to earth—
 These feathery, warbling instruments
 Of song, and glee, and mirth.



They twitter in the leafy shade,
 They trill their songs on high ;
 Oh, thoughtless man, creation's lord,
 Pass not these creatures by.

Turn now from stocks, and gain, and strife
 And life's uneasy care,
 And with me visit in the grove
 These songsters of the air.

A PECULIAR CALIFORNIA WINTER.

EVEN early in the autumn, the weather philosophers began to predict a "dry season," and those inclined to borrow trouble at once became despondent according to the size of their farms and the number of their herds. A dry season is a great drawback to the prosperity of the country in general, and is greatly dreaded by all, hence the first rain is anxiously hoped for, and when it comes, is a source of general rejoicing.

As time passed, and November glided into December, nature seemed about to fulfill these unacceptable predictions, for though we had a few slight showers, and the grass began to peep shyly from beneath the gray soil, and the heart of the farmer fluctuated with indecision as to whether he should sow much or little grain. But every shower was followed by a north wind, and who shall describe a north wind in California? It is wind which comes without warning, and seems full of some destroying influence. It fills the air with dust and alkali, which is alike disagreeable to man and beast, and a blight to vegetation. It seems the veritable "ill wind which blows good to no one," for no one speaks approvingly of it. Cattle and horses roam at will over the plain in search of pasture, daily growing thinner and more cadaverous; and where large herds have range, here and there may be seen the decaying carcass of one and another, which has ceased to contend with famine and hunger.

On the last Sunday before Christmas, the Spanish portion of the community met on the beach to pray for rain. Imagine the picture they formed! And what an apt choice they have made in coming to the sea to pray, with the eternal war of the waters to remind them how utterly useless is all human agency, and of the infinite wisdom and power of God. There is the aged patriarch, with silver hair and bent form, his limbs are feeble and weak, but his eye is bright, and gleams with a glow of pride, as it wanders over the goodly number of his stalwart sons and matronly daughters, each surrounded by a numerous family.

There is the grandmother, clothed in the brilliant colors so dearly loved by her race, which gives a weird, unnatural expression to her withered and wrinkled face. She frowns and shakes her head reprovingly at the gay young girl who, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, is casting coquettish glances at her unsophisticated lover, who has no thought of concealing his admiration. One is loath to identify this radiant, lovely creature with the same race to which her grandmother belongs. Dressed in more modern attire, yet the characteristic taste for bright colors is shown by the scarlet gleaming here and there about it. Her lover is a handsome specimen of his race, and as his dark eyes watches every

movement of the shapely hand, and every glance of the brilliant eyes, his expressive face glows with not only admiration, but with jealousy also, and we can imagine him a modern Othello were those faultless lips to smile on some one else. And now the dusky-faced, mischievous children are called from their frolic on the sand, and each mother gathering her brood, endeavors by reproving glances and expressive gestures, to bring them to a proper appearance of attention. This is a somewhat difficult task, for in the eyes of every one gleams the very spirit of mischief, and all are impatient of restraint.

Amid numerous little rebellious jerks and a few uncontrollable giggles, as the glance of one overflowing boyish eye meets that of another, the devotional exercises begin. With sincere hearts, and according to the peculiar forms of their religion the prayers are said, an appropriate supplication is offered in the beautiful Spanish tongue, and the soft wind carries the refrain out to the whispering waves falling so gently on the gleaming sand, and receding, they meet the crested breakers and "the echo blends with the grand anthems of the in-rolling sea." The sound of the earnest petition is lost amidst the perpetual war of the sea—nay, not lost, for never an earnest prayer but finds some response in the bosom of Infinite Mercy.

And now the picturesque group prepare to return home, and momentarily forgetting the graver theme, they mingle in social intercourse.

It is now the 12th of February, and after all these weeks have elapsed that earnest prayer seems about to be granted, for our first glance from the window, beholds a clouded sky. A light wind from the east sighs through the trees, and then dies out in ominous quiet. A heavy mist gathers, and while we momentarily expect the heavens to open and send generous stores of dashing rain upon the thirsty earth, the air is full of shining particles which fall noiselessly to the earth, for behold, it is snow! Snow in Southern California! Ah, what a surprise! It is like the return of some old half-forgotten friend. What a marvel it is to the children here—few of them have ever seen snow except on the distant mountains—and as it continues to fall, they are filled with wonder and delight. Later on at school how they snow-ball each other, and themselves enjoy the same sport of which they have heard their parents tell with such wonder—only half-comprehending what the reality was like. In the joy of their unusual play they do not heed the unusual cold or seem to feel its chilling effects, and as we listen to their merry shouts their gay, young voices seem an echo from the distant land of our own childhood, and memory lingers fondly over the happy time when, with hearts as light, and spirits as buoyant, we reveled in the snow that clothed the

Ohio hills. Ah, dearly-loved Ohio! All the mingled beauties of a southern climate have not power to erase the pictures engraved on memory's faithful tablets.

All the forenoon the feathery flakes fall swiftly and silently, until the landscape presents a real wintery aspect. The tall, stately eucalyptus bends its slender twigs before it, the brilliant red-pepper berries gleam among the mingled green of graceful foliage and pure white snow, and here are orange-trees, their rich green leaves, golden fruit, and sweet waxen blossoms all alike sprinkled with snow. Most delicate tea-roses, countless varieties of geraniums, mingle their perfume with the spicy breath of carnations, and still the snow is gently covering them all. If these lovely things had voices, what would they say? Would they complain at this strange visitation, and murmur at its chilling effects, or would they meekly accept it as a disguised blessing sent from heaven? With a strange, curious feeling we turn from this marvelous mingling of snow and flowers to the grander phases of nature.

The sky has the very same appearance as during an Ohio snow-storm, the plain is a broad sheet of white very like an Iowa prairie, but the ocean and mountains are new features in the picture. Just now a great mist hangs between us and the mountains, but as it presently lifts, we are almost startled at their Alpine appearance. The snow adds a sort of dignity to their rather moderate height, and they stand proudly against the dingy sky as if questioning our right to doubt their importance.

The Pacific is a broad expanse of steely gray, and seems a desolate thing as the waves break with a mournful roar. The sea-birds stalk restlessly along the shore, calling in complaining tones to their mates. The sky is dark, and seems low down; far away to the south the horizon is imperceptible—sea and sky blend as one. The island of Catalina, whose rocky cliffs the sunlight glorifies into a thing of beauty, is now wholly obscured by the mist, the points of Duma and Vincent are but faintly gray against a darker sky. The picture is such a dreary one that we gladly turn to the more cheerful one on land, and once more listen to the school-children as they again play in the snow at recess time.

About noon the snow ceased to fall, and was followed by blustering wind and rain, until the wind whisked around to the north, dispelling all our hopes of a prolonged rain. We try to conquer our disappointment by watching the contest between the north wind and the rain clouds, which, however, is of short duration, for the victory is soon gained by the north wind which comes sweeping over the snowy mountains and bare, brown plain, with almost the force of a hurricane. To us accustomed to the soft, balmy air of perpet-

ual spring, it seems a "truly polar wave." But see! The vanquished rain-clouds are retreating in great shining billows with yellow patches of sunlit sky shining between them. Away to the south they flee, lingering a moment to caress the glowing peaks of Santa Catalina, and then wholly disappearing, the north wind reigns supreme. All night long it blew, raging like some angry spirit. The continuous roar making us wakeful, we watched from our window the tall eucalyptus trees bending before its might, and frantically waving their long, slender branches as if begging for mercy. What strange, weird shadows they cast in the dim moonlight; and what a night it is for this climate. When the storm is over, and the usual mildness of the climate returns, it seems all the more pleasant to us. The rain and snow together has slightly revived the grass and it is gaining a more healthy color.

We awake with a vague "idea that this is the Fourth of July," and while yet puzzling our sleepy faculties as to the reality of the impression, bang, bang, we hear once more a noise so near and so loud as to thoroughly banish all sleepiness and we remember that it is only February, and conclude it must be the "Chinese New Year." Our conclusion is strengthened as, looking from the window, we see by a neighboring laundry more Chinamen than we supposed the place contained, engaged in firing fire-crackers, with evidently as much enjoyment and patriotism as fires the breast of the most enthusiastic American boy. All seem wholly absorbed in the pleasant amusement, and between the intervals of firing, talking incessantly, laugh and skip about regardless of age, dignity, carelessly-coiled cues or ill-fitting slippers. Altogether they present a picturesque though comical picture in the early morning light. I believe the noise of fire-crackers or torpedoes will awake the sleepiest boy and very soon a whole troop of them have gathered around. On this day, if on none other, John is generous and stides all feelings of resentment that momentarily arise at remembrance of the many petty insults he has endured from these same mischievous boys. The vegetable man forgets the countless number of oranges, apples and other fruit surreptitiously taken from his basket. The hotel cook remembers not the numerous disasters to his carefully-prepared dishes, due to their mischievous assistance, and even the laundryman smooths away the frown that gathers for a moment on his brow as he remembers a shower of rotten tomatoes thrown into his basket of well-ironed clothes. All join in the generous effort to include the "Mellican boys" in their celebration, and since it is all in their favor, the boys are very respectful to the despised Celestials.

The Chinese New Year, like our Easter, is regulated by the moon's phase, and may occur any

time between February 15th and March 17th. It seems the only time during the whole year when they willingly give themselves up to mere enjoyment and recreation, and now they enter into it with all the abandon of children. They interchange ceremonious calls, feast and fire off millions of fire-crackers. All good Chinamen are expected to pay their debts on this day and if one of their number neglects this worthy custom he is regarded by his fellows with disapproval.

One morning while out walking, our companion, a boy of ten, showed us a wonderful thing—the nest of a tarantula. We had often seen and been frightened at the great, ugly, venomous things during the summer months, but never knew what cunning houses they build. It first forms a hole in the ground, round and smooth, as if bored with an auger. This hole varies in size with that of the occupant, but the one we saw was about an inch in diameter. It was lined with a silken web, soft and white, and this elegant abode was protected by a perfect trap-door. The door is made of a web of the clever spider's own weaving, plastered with clay. It is just the shape of a boot-heel, with the straight edge forming the hinge. The line that marks the edge of this curious door is so fine as to be almost imperceptible and the ordinary passer-by would have never noticed it; but the keen, searching eye of our little companion, inspired by a natural love for curious things in nature, was continually spying something new and strange. At sight of the tarantula's nest he was filled with exultation and eagerly pointing it out to us he gave several taps on the ground near, to notify the owner that a guest had arrived. Instantly the tarantula darts up his silken staircase and, thrusting his little black paws into tiny holes purposely left in the lid, holds it down with all his might. Seeing it slightly move, the boy says, "Yes, he's at home," and cautiously forcing the door open with his knife-blade, he dispatches the inmate before we have time to express either repugnance or fear, and then proceeds to investigate the premises.

All spiders are objects of aversion to most people, and the tarantula is not only a disgusting-looking creature, but a very dangerous enemy when brought to bay. I believe it is harmless when unmolested, but if disturbed or hurt it retaliates by biting, and woe to the unfortunate tourist who, while camping out, finds too late that one has taken possession of his boot. It inflicts an ugly wound, which is attended with all the danger of a rattlesnake's bite. But our little companion showed no more fear of them than if he bore a charmed life, except a certain caution borne of repeated warnings. His father one day expressed a wish that he could secure a nest with the spider still in it, to send to a distant friend. He did not even notice that the child was present,

but before night the next day, the boy had got it. The fearless little fellow dug up the nest with considerable soil attached; this he whittled off until it would fit a large oyster can; then, by means of a stick, he forced the tarantula back into it, and with a heart full of exultant pride, he trudged home with it. When we tried to impress him with the terrible risk he ran of being bitten while carrying it, "Oh," said he, "but if I had seen the lid move the least bit I'd have dropped the can; any way, its bite is no worse than a wasp's sting, for Harry Brown and I looked in Webster's 'bridged dictionary, and it says so, and I s'pose he knows," and, with a look of utter contempt, "Who cares for a wasp's sting?" We assured him to the contrary, and after mentioning several cases we had known of persons suffering severely from its bite, we finally convinced the child that they were unsafe acquaintances. He looked quite puzzled for a moment and said:

"Why I thought Webster knew everything?" then, brightening again, "Perhaps, though, he never came to California—leastways, maybe a tarantula never bit him."

And once again I write. We have had almost a week's rain, and man and beast both rejoice at the copious supply, for the comfort of each depends so much upon the magic power of water.

Very often during rainy weather, after the rain has wholly ceased on the plains, it seems to be raining among the mountains, forming a great mist, which moves in strange, fantastic shapes, sometimes wholly concealing them from view, and again shifting, it follows some deep cañon, in which it seems to pour in torrents. Then, again, the white, vapory curtain hanging across the unseen peaks is parted and they gleam through it almost a jet black, with here and there a dash of sunlight. One morning, while watching and admiring the varied changes of this not unusual picture, far away in the east the clouds parted and though the plain is wrapped in shade, yet the sunlight gleams on the mountains and they stand transfigured against the wavering gray, and behold, a wonderful thing! a sight of such wondrous beauty as to be almost startling. The changing, shifting mist is a "sheet of brilliant jewels," luminous with all the tints of the rainbow. For a few moments it hung apparently at the very foothills. All words fail to describe the ineffable splendor of that picture. A little child, gazing at it with big, wondering eyes, said, "Why, mamma, a big rainbow has fell down and is spread out just over the cañon!" The sudden marvel of it was like a dream, so still, so beautiful and silent. And now the lovely rainbow tints have quite disappeared, for the sky in the east has become quite dark again and the clouds mount higher, as if pushed by unseen hands, and soon again the rain comes pouring. And now, as

I write, what fresh green is this that shimmers over foothill and plain? Every clear and beautiful day that shines over them but adds to their varied tints of green. The laughing waves break joyfully along the shore and even the sea-birds have ceased to complain and feed contentedly among the pebbles and kelp, as if they, too, were conscious of the blessing bestowed by the bountiful heavens.

H. B.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THE children told to us the "old, old story"—
Told it with flushing cheek and tearful
eye—

How, from His home above in light and glory,
The sinless son of God came down to die!

Told it while gleaming lights shone all around
them—

The soft air fragrant with the breath of flowers—
And hearts stood still beneath the spell that bound
them,
As if they dreamed within enchanted bower.

And while like fairies in some scene elysian,
The children came and went before my sight,
My fancy painted yet another vision,
Of fields and shepherds, and a starlit night.

I heard the sound of angels softly singing
All the sweet wonders of the holy birth;
I saw the wise men, myrrh and incense bringing
Down to the manger for the Lord of earth.

I saw the fair young child, His power discerning,
Stand in the temple with a quiet grace;
Talking, all unabashed, with men of learning,
A light from Heaven upon His childish face.

I saw the miracle, where servants carried,
In mute obedience to His mild command,
Pure waters, that, while guests and bridegroom
tarried,
Blushed into wine beneath His lifted hand!

And then I thought, with tearful shame and sadness,
How oft we grieve Him when we grudge to bear
The waters that He turns to wine of gladness,
Making life's march sweet with blessings rare.

I stood among the awe-struck crowd, assembling
About the bier where lay the widow's child;
I heard His gracious voice, with pity trembling,
Call back her dead and check her anguish wild.

Then how my yearning heart recalled my baby—
Blue-eyed and golden-haired—who lies at rest
Beneath the roses; and I thought that maybe
In Heaven He thus will give him to my breast.

Just as he came to me, love's sweet evangel,
Perhaps He'll give him to my waiting arms—
Not grown into a stately, white-winged angel,
But full of dimpling smiles and baby charms.

O mothers, grieving over fair, dead faces,
Hushing as best you can the heart's wild plea,
Be comforted; in some of Heaven's bright places
The little children wait for you and me!

I followed Him that night of tears and sorrow,
When those He loved forgot their Lord, and
slept;

I saw the coming of that dark "to-morrow,"
And stood beside the cross where Mary wept.

I heard His patient voice serenely pleading,
"Father, forgive! They know not what they
do!"

I saw that sacred head all bowed and bleeding;
And conscience whispered, "This was done for
you!"

I saw Him in the tomb, and met Him risen!
Again I heard the angel voices sing
When He, all-glorious, rose from earth to Heaven;
Mary's fair child and Heaven's anointed King!

And ever as I walk the path before me—
Earth's saddest places, or its pleasant ways—
That lovely vision throws its influence o'er me;
The "old, old story" calms my stormiest days!

MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

THE CHOICE OF MODERN POETIC READING.

PART II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Of late years, a new English poet has arisen to whom I would especially commend your attention—Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," one of the finest poems that has appeared of late years, portraying the career and principal teachings of Prince Gautama, the founder of Buddhism. Not only by diligent study and research, but by a residence of several years in India, Arnold has thoroughly acquainted himself with the literature and traditions of the people, into the spirit of which he seems to have entered with the sympathy and fine intuition of a poet. The result of his studies and observations, quickened and vitalized by his poetic insight and genius, is before us in the exquisite poem above mentioned, which is a rich addition to the poetry of the nineteenth century, valuable not only for its poetic beauty, but as giving us an insight into the character of a deeply interesting Oriental nation and into an ancient religion "which has existed twenty-four centuries and which, at this day, surpasses

in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed."

"The Light of Asia," is totally different from any of Moore's Oriental poems, being on a far higher plane of thought and feeling than the light and graceful poem we find in "Lalla Rookh." Some of Arnold's short poems are also very beautiful. There is one entitled "He and She," for which I can find no epithet but "perfect," so full of spiritual truth and beauty is it. Partly because Arnold so often mentions the white jessamine, in "The Light of Asia" (it being apparently a favorite flower in India), and partly because of a certain, fine, delicate mental fragrance about his works, I have come to connect his poetry with the idea of white jessamine, and I especially wish you to have this exquisite flower in your garden of poets.

Arnold, with his elevation and spirituality of thought, suggests, by way of a contrast, William Morris, author of "The Earthly Paradise." I do not know of any other poet so entirely "of the earth, earthly," and yet within his sphere, he excels. He is undoubtedly a sweet and beautiful singer, though not a noble or powerful one, but as St. Paul says "there are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another," and so it is with the glory of Morris compared with that of such "celestial bodies" as Wordsworth, Tennyson and Arnold. Morris prefacing "The Earthly Paradise" with a little poem which shows a very just estimate of his own powers.

"Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing;
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day."

* * * * *
"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling of tale not too impudent,
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

He seems, indeed, without desire and without power to sing of the hidden heights and depths of the soul, but sings of those things which can be seen with the eyes and touched with the hand. Many of his subjects are old classical myths, the doom of King Acrisius, the love of Alcestis, Cupid and Psyche, the statue of Pygmalion, Bellerophon in Argos, Bellerophon in Lycia, the ring given to Venus, the hill of Venus, etc. His genius is indeed well attuned to the spirit of Greek mythology, he being seemingly content to

find his ideal in earthly conditions under their most favorable auspices, and being little troubled by the vague yearning and disquiet that generally characterize modern or romantic literature. You may judge from what I have said that he does not belong to the introspective school. Indeed, his works are a reaction against the subjectivity of the modern school of poetry. You will find scarcely any recognition of any inner, or higher, or future life in his writings which breathe throughout a love of life for living's sake, and a horror of death as the end and consummation of all things. This latter feeling causes an occasional undercurrent of regret in his poems that youth, hope, love and joy must pass away, not a noble, heroic sorrow, such as we find expressed in Beethoven's grand, minor chords—but an undercurrent of dreamy sadness and wistful regret, such as we often note in beautiful waltz music which seems to say of the present joy,

"La voix tendre
Doit l'apprendre
In' il n'aura qu'un jour."

Morris aims at no dramatic effect, no depicting of the inner processes of character, but with charming simplicity, and elegance of rhythm goes straight on with his tale. The preponderance of Saxon words and of monosyllables is very noticeable in his narratives, which is one cause of the admirable simplicity and clearness of his style. He is a warm admirer and close student of Chaucer, whom he avows is his master in poetry, and in his phraseology he is an apt pupil of the grand old master. In his peculiar style, Morris stands foremost, but I cannot call any poet great who does not use his glorious gift in elevating soul above sense, and in fighting the great fight of truth and purity against falsehood and sensuality, not aiming merely, as Morris proclaims that he does,

* * * "to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be,
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day."

There are other English poets of the present day who exhibit the highest order of talent, but fall a little short of genius. "Owen Meredith" is an instance of this. His literary work is excellent, evincing deep and fine thought, poetic fancy, wide culture and careful workmanship. Still it has not the thrilling power that goes forth, for instance, from the lines of a Browning. Owen Meredith's father, Sir E. L. Bulwer, was also a good poet; so diligently did he improve every natural gift and so great was his capacity for taking pains, that he succeeded in every province of literature that he undertook. I recall, in particular, one of his poems, entitled "Dead Violets," which is full of poetical beauty and sentiment. Poetry, however,

was but a by-path to him, romance, largely intermingled with philosophy and metaphysics, being the field of his main endeavors. A good many other writers, not professedly poets, have likewise occasionally turned aside into a by-path of poetry. Macaulay, for instance, who turned aside from his historical and critical works to give us his fine, sprightly "Lays of Ancient Rome." Thackeray, too, has given us some charming little stray poems.

Coventry Patmore is a pure and lovely poet, whose writings ought to be especially cherished by women, he having selected for his peculiar province the portrayal of wedded love and the sweet and elevating influence a true wife exerts over her husband. He, therefore, fulfills a greatly-needed office in the world of letters, as nearly all the poets (as well as other writers), confine themselves to depicting love before marriage, letting the curtain drop at the bridal altar, as if tacitly avowing that the interest and beauty of the drama were then over. Therefore, Patmore's "Angel in the House," with its pure and beautiful picture of wedded love, is a peculiarly valuable contribution to modern poetry and is one of the sweetest literary tributes that has been paid to womanhood in modern days.

Adelaide Procter, daughter of the tuneful "Barry Cornwall," is a lovely poetess, whose works are filled with tenderness and a truthful, religious spirit, often exhibiting exquisite touches of fancy and other poetic beauties, both of thought and expression. "Because," "Unexpressed," "Incompleteness," and some other poems of hers evince a high order of poetic talent and will long keep her memory green in the literary world.

Add Jean Ingelow's poems, also, to your garden of roses and they will help to make it blooming and fragrant. "The Song of Seven," "The Letter L," and "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," seem to me especially beautiful and touching.

Miss Muloch, though greater and more distinguished as a novelist than as a poetess, is yet entitled to an honorable place among the sisterhood of sweet singers. True, she is not one of those great, rare poets, whose numbers "go sounding down through ages," but her poems have a spring-time freshness and sweetness, a simplicity, purity and earnestness that greatly endear them to our hearts. Had she written nothing but "Philip, my King," that alone would have proved her possessed of marked poetic ability, whilst the lines in which Annie Laurie deplores her slain Douglas, are equally fine. Miss Muloch has recently collected into one volume the poetical works she has scattered over long years, giving to the volume the title of "Thirty Years' Poems, New and Old."

George Eliot, too, occasionally diverged from her main literary work to essay the poetic muse, publishing, in 1868, "The Spanish Gypsy," and

six years later "The Legend of Jubal," and other poems. Her poems abound in noble and striking thoughts, though they scarcely seem like the spontaneous outpourings of a poet

"Whose songs gushed from his heart."

They have sufficient merit, however, to have given her a highly honorable reputation as a poetess, had not her gifts and reputation as a novelist been so vast as to overshadow her poetic talent and fame. Beethoven is said to have written very creditable poetry, but his music was so surprisingly fine as to completely overshadow his lesser gift. So it is with George Eliot's prose and poetry, although the latter often reaches a very high plane of thought and feeling.

MARY W. EARLEY.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

CHAPTER III.

THE words of their guest did not grow silent in the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, but were ever repeated to them as by another and more solemn voice. Not, however, until Mr. Greenfield made some effort to break through a habit of long confirmation, did he fully comprehend their import. While he went on in the old way, he was like a vessel gliding along with the current of a downward-flowing river. All was smooth and calm. He was scarcely conscious of the progress he made, or the force of the stream upon which he was moving so quietly. But the moment an anchor was cast, there came a rush of waters, and for the first time the power of the current was felt.

It seemed but a little thing to Mr. Greenfield, when the subject first presented itself, for him to give up the free indulgence of his appetite for stimulating drinks. But when he made the trial he discovered, alas! his error. The slumbering giant which he had been nourishing for years awoke within him, and demanded the old supply, and he had not sufficient resolution to refuse the demand. Conscious, however, of danger where he had before feared no evil, Mr. Greenfield endeavored to lay restrictions upon himself—to drink within a certain limit. But after the first few glasses he forgot his good resolutions, and when he arose from the dinner-table he groped his way as usual up to his chamber, and there slept off the effects of his indulgence.

But when a man like Mr. Greenfield, in whom some virtues and good impulses remain, is once made sensible that danger lurks in a favorite path, all sense of security and pleasure in that path, though it may still be trodden, is forever gone. When, therefore, the fumes of wine and brandy exhaled from his brain, and thought became once more clear, a troubled feeling was left

behind. He felt that he was in bondage, yet too weak to break the cords that were around him.

The first time that Henry came home from college to spend a vacation, after his parents had been startled from their false security, both saw, with feelings of indescribable pain, that he showed a fondness for eating and drinking, especially the latter, beyond what young men of his age usually exhibit. A week's observation and reflection in-

Every week, I am told, he joins about a dozen of his fellow-students in a convivial party in town, and usually returns to the college buildings at midnight in a state a little short of intoxication. I have, on two occasions, conversed with him on the subject, but he considered my allusion to his weakness as altogether uncalled for, and met my kind remonstrances with anger. One of our professors has also talked to him, but with no better result. It pains me, my dear sir, to be the medium of such a communication, but a regard for the well-being of your son must be my apology.

"Yours, with respect, etc."



"THE SHOCK TO MRS. GREENFIELD WAS TERRIBLE."

creased rather than diminished their anxiety, which rose to a pitch of anguish on receipt of the following letter to Mr. Greenfield from the president of the college:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have observed with regret that your son exhibits a fondness for stimulating drinks beyond what is usual in persons of his age. If I did not think him in danger, I would not awaken your fears by this communication; but having seen so many promising young men fall by the hands of intemperance, and become lost to themselves and society, I deem it but my duty to give you timely warning. I understand that he keeps a case of wine in his room, and uses it daily.

before he looked up or made a remark. His father's eyes were fixed upon him intently, in order to observe every shade of the effect produced.

"The malignant scoundrel!" at length fell from the young man's lips, as he crushed the letter in his hands. He arose as he spoke, and commenced moving about the floor. His face was flushed, and his eyes shot forth glances of anger.

"Henry, is that letter true?" asked Mr. Greenfield.

"It is not true in the sense he would have it understood. He makes it appear that I am on the high road to ruin."

"You may be, my son," said Mr. Greenfield,

For a few days Mr. Greenfield kept this communication to himself; but unable, in the bewilderment and distress it occasioned, to decide what steps to take, he placed the letter in the hands of his wife. The shock to Mrs. Greenfield was terrible. For a short time it completely prostrated her. The anxiety and alarm shown by Henry on account of the sudden indisposition of his mother, led his father to suppose that a knowledge of the cause might produce the most beneficial result. Under this view he said to him, in answer to his earnest inquiries regarding his mother's sudden illness:

"The cause, Henry, is with yourself."

"With me!" exclaimed the young man, turning pale.

"Yes, Henry, with you," replied Mr. Greenfield, his voice and countenance reflecting the troubled state of his feelings. "Read that. It will explain all." And he handed to the young man the letter which he had received from the president of the college.

Henry read the letter over twice before he looked up or made a remark. His father's eyes were fixed upon him intently, in order to observe every shade of the effect produced.

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calmly, "if the facts stated are true. A case of wine in your room! You are too young for that, Henry."

"I can't see, father, what harm the wine being in my room is going to do. I don't drink any more than I would if it were not there. The president has only made it the plea for a most cruel and uncalled-for communication. And to think that mother should have seen it!"

"I do not believe, Henry, that he had anything in view but your good. The letter bears that upon its face. Your convivial parties in town, and consequent late hours, were wrong. Such things are exceedingly dangerous, and yearly lead hundreds into ruinous courses of life."

"They will never lead me into ruinous courses," said the young man, who still walked the floor and manifested a good deal of angry excitement.

"Not if you give them up in future. But if you continue them, your destruction is certain."

"O father! why will you talk so? Why will you make out of a little thing like this, a matter of so much importance?" exclaimed Henry, throwing himself, with an air of abandonment, into the chair from which he had a few moments before arisen.

"It is no light matter, my son."

"Cannot a young man drink a glass of wine without being in danger? I never heard this from you before. I have always seen wine and brandy on our table at home, and have always been permitted to take them."

"But it is plain, Henry, from what I have learned, that you now use these articles with a freedom that must inevitably lead to bad consequences."

"I don't think so, father. I am sure it is not so."

And to this position the young man firmly adhered, at the same time that he manifested the most bitter resentment toward the president of the college, and did not hesitate to avow it as his intention to call him to an account for what he had done on his return, should he go back to the institution.

For the distress and prostration of his mother, Henry manifested the liveliest sympathy; but he would not admit for a moment that the slightest ground existed for the unhappy effect produced on her mind by the communication which had been received. That was, he averred, a highly-

exaggerated statement, and dictated by no friendly feelings.

For two or three days Mrs. Greenfield kept her room, and then, looking pale and troubled, she once more resumed her usual place in her family. The effect upon Henry was not to cause an abandonment of the pleasures of drinking, but to excite a constant feeling of anger toward the president of the college. He never saw his mother that he did not inwardly execrate the person who, by



"THE BODY OF A MAN FELL IN HEAVILY AGAINST HIM."

throwing a gleam of light upon his path, had shown to his parents the dangerous course he was taking. As for himself, he did not believe in the alleged danger, and could not comprehend why his father and mother should so ceaselessly distress themselves. His father had always used liquors freely, and still continued to do so; and he was not a drunkard. So he reasoned with himself.

Every day the brandy and wine were upon the table as usual. Mr. Greenfield did not see how he could make a dinner without them. He partook freely, and it was not wonderful that Henry did the same. As for Mrs. Greenfield, the single glass that was filled for her remained untasted, and

could her husband and son have realized her feelings when she saw the sparkling liquor pass their lips, they would have dashed their glasses to the floor.

It did not escape the observation of Mr. Greenfield, that Henry enjoyed his wine even more highly than he did his food; and that he filled his glass far too often.

"Is it right to place this temptation before him?" was a question that arose naturally in the father's mind, and he could not answer it in the affirmative. While he was debating this subject, Mrs. Greenfield said to him :

"I'm afraid we do wrong in placing either wine or brandy on our table while Henry is at home. What do you think?"

"I don't know," returned Mr. Greenfield, in a serious voice. He was not fully prepared to give up his favorite indulgence without an argument in its favor. "I'm afraid he drinks too much."

"It makes me very unhappy; and he is so unconscious of danger. I tried to speak to him yesterday about it, but he became impatient at my allusion to the subject, and said it was all on account of that letter. If something is not done to turn him from the way in which he has commenced going, his ruin is inevitable. O husband! we should stop at no sacrifice in order to save him."

The thought that this love of drink, manifesting itself at so early an age, was hereditary in his child, came flashing over the mind of Mr. Greenfield, and he said, with a despondency of tone that well expressed his feelings :

"What will save him?"

"We know not," replied his wife; "but now that we are aware of his danger, let us do all in our power to withdraw him from temptation. So long as he sees you partaking freely, counsel and warning will be useless; for he will say, if these things do not hurt you, they cannot hurt him."

"True, true. Though I am not hurt by them, yet they shall be banished from my table."

A light glanced over the face of Mrs. Greenfield, and she said: "I hope much from this change."

More was meant by this than her husband understood.

Accordingly, on the next day when the family assembled for dinner, neither wine nor brandy was on the table. The first impulse of Henry, who noticed this almost as soon as he sat down, was to remind his father of the omission; but the true reason suggesting itself to his mind, he remained silent and observant. Both his father and mother tried to introduce and carry on a cheerful conversation; but he could not join in it, except by a forced word now and then, for the wine-bottle was before his imagination, and his thoughts were

busy with the supposed reason of its banishment. Neither Mr. Greenfield nor his son enjoyed the dainty food that was spread with an epicurean hand before them. One thing was lacking—an appetite stimulated by wine. Scarcely half the usual time was passed at the table, and then they arose and left the house.

Henry muttered to himself, as he walked along the hall to the street-door: "This is too much! To be treated as if that letter were true in the broadest sense!"

But he did not reflect that the very reason why he had little appetite for his dinner, and why he was now leaving the house, proved the truth of the president's inferences and fears. Young as he was, the first barrier offered to his hereditary and now acquired taste for stimulating drink, showed the movement of a strong current that was bearing him toward a coast upon which hundreds and thousands had already been shipwrecked.

On leaving the house, Henry went to a fashionable drinking saloon, and seating himself at a table covered with newspapers, ordered a waiter to bring him some brandy-punch. Ten minutes afterwards, on raising his eyes suddenly, he encountered those of his father. Mr. Greenfield was sitting in an alcove, before a table, on which was a bottle of wine. A draught of air had blown aside the curtain that hid him from general observation, and on looking up he saw his son with an empty glass beside him, and Henry saw his father indulging in the pleasures of which both had been deprived at dinner. Another movement, and the curtain fluttered back to its place, and the elder Mr. Greenfield was alone again. Neither the father nor the son felt very pleasant at this mutual discovery. The former had taken about a fourth of his bottle of wine. When, a quarter of an hour afterwards, he came slowly and half-stealthily from his hiding-place, he left behind him more than half of the bottle he had hoped to enjoy. Henry was gone.

The young man was not at home at tea-time, and did not come in until toward ten o'clock, when, instead of joining his parents in the family sitting-room, he went direct to his chamber. It would not have made their sleep any sweeter had they seen him.

CHAPTER IV.

HENRY GREENFIELD did not return to college. He expressed an unwillingness to meet the president again after what had occurred, and his parents were equally unwilling, under the circumstances, to have him go back and remain for a year longer removed from their sphere of observation and influence. The mental loss to the young man they deeply deplored; but that was a small consideration as set against the moral injury he was

likely to sustain among his old associations. The design had always been to educate Henry for a merchant, and accordingly, on leaving college, he entered his father's counting-room, where, by his quickness, intelligence and the interest he took in business, he inspired the liveliest hopes for the future. But over these hopes hung a threatening cloud.

The meeting of Henry and his father in the refectory was, to the latter, a most painful and mortifying incident; but it wrought a salutary change, for it awoke a train of reflections that ended in the pointed question—"If this habit is so strong in me that I transmit to my child an inordinate desire for stimulating drinks, am I not also in danger?"

Mr. Greenfield could not answer in the negative. He was in danger, and he felt it.

"For my own sake and for the sake of my boy," he said, "I must break away from this habit."

This he clearly understood to be no easy matter, for in the temporary opposition already made he had discovered that he was in the hands of a giant and that freedom would only come as the result of a resistant force almost superhuman. But once fully sensible of his position and clearly alive to the danger of his son, he resolved upon a desperate struggle for liberty. Wine and brandy never came back to his table—were never again seen in his house. Nor did he, under any pretense, use them when absent from home.

Thus, free himself, he could with more consistency and hope of success, seek to work out the freedom of his son. But, alas! he found it utterly impossible to awaken in the mind of Henry a sense of danger. When he sought to induce him not to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor, the young man would remark:

"I am conscious of no danger, father. I do not drink any more freely than other young men. You seem to imagine that I have really become intemperate."

"Not intemperate, Henry, but in danger of becoming so; and my warning is meant to be timely. I know far better than it is possible for you to know, the peril you are in. Believe me, it is great."

"Did you not use these things at my age, father?"

"Yes, I own that I did."

"And you have used them ever since, but you have never become their slave."

Mr. Greenfield could not confess his weakness to his son, neither could he tell him the whole truth touching the real ground of danger. That would have been humiliating.

"I have given up their use entirely," was the simple reply.

"Not because you think it wrong to drink wine or strong liquors, but in the hope that I would follow your example. I am sorry for this, father.

You deprive yourself of a stimulant necessary at your age without influencing me in the least, because I see no reason for doing what you propose."

"No, Henry. It is not necessary for me. I am better without it. I feel satisfied of this every day. Heaven knows I wish that I had never tasted any beverage stronger than water."

The reader can imagine how sincerely these last words were uttered.

But argument and persuasion were alike useless. Henry's appetite was too deeply seated in the very substance of his life. He loved the taste of liquor too well to think of giving it up. But with this love, which was not so freely indulged after his return to New York as it had been during the last year he spent at college, was a total unconsciousness of danger, notwithstanding the alarm sounded by his parents. Other young men with whom he associated drank as occasion offered; wine flowed like water in many companies into which he was thrown, yet no one thought himself on the road to intemperance. No, it was only a chimera conjured up by his parents, in consequence of the letter which they had received from the president of the college.

The banishment of all intoxicating drinks from the table of Mr. Greenfield and their entire expulsion from his house, had the effect to deceive him in regard to the extent to which they were used by his son, who was regularly at his post in the counting-room and active in the discharge of all the duties that devolved upon him in the business. It was in the evening that Henry indulged himself most freely. But a long time did not go by before the effects of these evening indulgences were visible to the mother's anxiously observant eyes, in the changed expression in his face. She could do nothing, however, but look on and wait with trembling for the result. Fully alive to his real danger, yet without the power to ward it off, her daily life was one of intense anxiety and fear.

As time moved on it seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield that the evil so dreaded was long delayed, or indeed, might not visit them. Two or three years had passed along and yet no very alarming symptoms were manifested.

"It may be," said the mother, one day, "that the stand we have taken toward Henry has saved him."

"I have hoped as much," returned Mr. Greenfield, "yet I tremble while I hope. Until he cuts himself off entirely from indulgence in drink, there is great danger."

"A year or two may give his reason more control."

"Or confirm an overmastering evil habit."

"Let us hope for the best," said the mother, whose mind was rising up into some degree of confidence. "There was a time when my heart was sick with fear. I do not feel so now. Some-

thing tells me that my son will not fall into the gulf that seemed opening at his feet."

Mr. Greenfield saw more than the mother, for his observation was wider in extent. He had, therefore, less confidence. But he did not seek to throw a cloud over her feelings.

On that very evening, Henry was absent at tea-time, and to the mother's inquiries, Mr. Greenfield said but little, though her questions evidently made him even more serious than he was before.

"Was Henry at the warehouse during the afternoon?" asked Mrs. Greenfield, after they had retired from the tea-table.

"Yes, until about five o'clock."

"Where did he go then?"

"Two young men called to see him and he went away with them."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever see them before?"

"Yes; they called to see him one day last week."

No more was said. Mr. Greenfield sat down to read and Mrs. Greenfield and her daughter Florence, now a young lady, went up-stairs and spent the evening in some light employment. Ten o'clock came and Florence retiring to her own chamber, Mrs. Greenfield came down to the sitting-room.

"Hasn't Henry come home yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet," replied her husband. "It is more than probable that he has gone to the opera, and will not be home before eleven o'clock. He goes frequently, you know."

"Yes; but he does not take Florence with him as often as he should—indeed, he shows her very few attentions of this kind. His neglect of her pains me."

"She is attached to him."

"Oh, yes, tenderly. She would do almost anything to gratify him. I wish he were equally considerate of her."

For half an hour they continued to converse about the young man, when the street-door bell was rung violently. Without waiting for a servant to answer the summons Mr. Greenfield stepped quickly into the hall and going to the door, opened it. As he did so the body of a man fell in heavily against him and rolled upon the floor. Mrs. Greenfield had followed her husband, for there was a misgiving at her heart. As the man struck the floor the light of the hall-lamp fell on his face and showed the flushed and disfigured countenance of Henry Greenfield.

A cry of pain was uttered by the mother as she clasped her hands together and sprung forward. The moment Mr. Greenfield understood that it was his son, in a state of drunken insensibility, he returned to the door, which yet stood partly open.

But no one was there. Those who had brought him home had hastily retired.

But few can realize what was suffered during that almost sleepless night by the father and mother of the unhappy young man. From the lips of Mrs. Greenfield the cup out of which she had begun to sip a draught of hope was dashed to the ground and she felt in the keenness of her despair as if the very life would fail in her heart. But to the sterner grief of Mr. Greenfield was added a weight of self-reproaches that almost maddened him at times. If his son were lost it would be, he felt, in consequence of his own sensual indulgence, whereby he had transmitted a life tainted by a vicious inclination. He had cursed his son with a legacy of evil instead of good. The words of the old man who had been his guest came back with a distinctness so clear that it seemed as if he were but just uttering them. Once he tried to deny the whole theory advanced, and for a short time argued strongly against it as absurd. But his own perceptions of truth swept away the arguments he advanced, for they were light as gossamer.

The dawn found both weary with thought and sorrow. Nature then gave way and they sank into a brief but troubled sleep. All except Henry met at the breakfast-table, half an hour later than usual.

"What keeps Henry!" asked Florence, looking earnestly first at her father and then at her mother, wondering, as she did so, why their faces wore so troubled a look.

Mrs. Greenfield turned to the waiter and directed him to go and call Henry. When the waiter came down he said that the young man did not feel very well and wished a cup of coffee sent up to him. This was done. The meal was finished in silence and Mr. Greenfield went off to his warehouse.

Henry made his appearance about twelve o'clock, with all the evidences of his evening's debauch about him. Mr. Greenfield felt it to be his duty to allude to the matter; but the allusion was met on the part of his son in such an impatient spirit that his lips trembled on the words of remonstrance he was uttering, and then became silent.

In the afternoon the young man went away again and was absent at tea-time. It was after twelve o'clock when he came home; and he was so much intoxicated that he could just stagger up to his room, where he threw himself upon the bed, and remained all night without removing his clothes. Daylight found him sober both physically and mentally. He had been deeply mortified in consequence of what had occurred on the evening before the last, and although signs of impatience were manifested when his father alluded to the subject, in his shame and repentance he had

resolved never again to let his appetite lead him astray from sobriety. How little force there was in this resolution became sadly apparent even to his mind, for scarcely twenty-four hours elapsed ere he had again fallen. The groan that issued from his lips as he arose and clasped his hands tightly against his throbbing temples, attested the anguish of his spirit.

"To degrade and debase myself in this way!" he murmured. "Oh, it maddens me to think of it. Others can enjoy a glass of wine without running into excess. But the moment I put the generous draught to my lips, a feverish, delightful excitement runs through my veins, tempting me to indulgence, until I pass the bounds of moderation. Why is this so? I have a vigorous constitution, and, I believe, a strong mind. I do not understand it."

And with his hand still bound upon his temples he sat questioning himself as to his **weakness**, but without obtaining the true answer. That this **weakness** was constitutional, or derived by an inheritance—an heirloom of evil—was a truth beyond his range of conceptions. That his father had indulged a habit of drinking to excess was something he did not know—something of which he had not dreamed; and as to the doctrine of hereditary transmissions, he had never heard of it, or if it had chanced to gleam across his mind in any of his miscellaneous readings, it had never presented itself in its real light as a truth of the most vital and practical importance. In a word, he did not know that he was in more imminent danger than many others, because of a natural inclination to over-indulgence derived from his father. Had this truth been then made clear to his mind, it might have saved him. But who was there, beside his father and mother, that understood his real danger? Who but they knew the painful secret? And their lips were sealed. The father could not tell his shame, and the mother's heart shrank from uncovering it before her child. He was walking, therefore, in a perilous way, yet all unconscious of impending evil.

At breakfast-time Henry Greenfield met the family as usual. He had little appetite for food, but he forced himself to eat in order not to attract more observation than he felt was already directed toward him.

On leaving the house he went to a noted drinking establishment and called for brandy and water. The stimulant brought back his already weakened nerves to their lost tension and he felt in consequence much better and in a condition to attend to business as usual.

Having lost the control of himself for two evenings in succession, Henry was more upon his guard when he went into drinking company, and months elapsed before he again fell into the disgraceful condition of absolute drunkenness. Yet he in-

dulged every day freely, thus giving strength to his natural appetite and weakening the force of his good resolutions.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Greenfield had said a word of the instant conclusion to which their minds had come from the position laid down by the old friend to whom we have referred. The former believed his wife unconscious of danger to Henry from this cause; and she, with the natural delicacy of one bearing her relation, avoided with the most scrupulous care the utterance of a word which would lead her husband to imagine that she believed their son in peril from hereditary taint. The consequence was that the fear of each was concealed, and the more constantly present to the mind because it was unuttered.

How deep was their anxiety few can imagine, for few have realized as fully as they did the perilous way their child was treading. They saw him progressing, step by step, and yet could not sound in his ears an adequate warning. Gradually, and to the eyes of his father and mother apparently, the arms of the foul demon were clasped more and more tightly around him. In his twenty-fifth year they saw, if others did not, most appalling indications of a speedy breaking away of all the barriers of restraint. Scarcely a week elapsed that he did not come home in a state little removed from drunken insensibility.

But there occurred about this time a change that filled the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield with a trembling hope. Henry became enamored about this time of a beautiful young lady, whose character was as lovely as her person, and for her society he forsook almost entirely the company of young men with whom he had led a gay life of pleasure and dissipation. He seemed, too, to have become aware of his danger, for it was evident that he drank far less freely than before. His face lost to some extent its florid appearance, and his complexion became cleared and his countenance more elevated.

Agnes Loring, the young lady whose beauty had captivated Henry Greenfield, felt her heart warm with a sentiment kindred to that with which his own was inspired. She received his advances with favor and when he offered his hand was prepared to accept it.

From the proposed union the parents of Henry hoped much; and yet they looked forward to the new relation he was to assume with many misgivings of heart and much fear and trembling.

T. S. A.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THERE is no greater breach of good manners—or, rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation while speaking—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EYE-TOOTH.

"CAN you tell me which is Dr. Hunter's office, please?" questioned a slow, soft voice with an unmistakably southern accent.

The person thus addressed, desisted from his occupation of trying to reach inaccessible parts of his body with a whisk broom, and turned toward the speaker.

Standing just outside the door and framed by its lintels, was a tall, slender, graceful woman with an irregular, winsome face and violet eyes. She was glancing curiously about the bare, uncarpeted entry, with a little perplexed knitting of the brows, and the slightly irresolute air of a person who rather thinks she has made a mistake. The gentleman came forward, whisk broom in hand, and bowed gravely. He was fully aware that the attitude in which he had been surprised—bending backward and sideways in order to administer a vigorous brushing to the backs of his legs—was the reverse of graceful, and being young and foolish, he was possessed of a strong desire to laugh; but there was no suspicion of answering mirth in the blue eyes that met his calmly, nor in the low voice which repeated its inquiry:

"Will you be so kind as to show me which is Dr. Hunter's office? I am afraid I have been wrongly directed."

"Dr. Hunter is in the next building," replied the owner of the whisk, eying his interlocutrice with approbation and interest. "These are all lawyer's offices; you came up the wrong stairway. Stay, I'll show you which is his door," and he amiably preceded her down the long, dirty flight of steps, thinking all the while what a pretty woman she was, and that dentistry after all could not be the revolting profession he had always regarded it, since it brought a fellow into contact with lovely creatures like this. Arrived on the side-walk he carried his complacence so far as to walk the few steps which separated the habitations of law and dentistry, and opened the door at the foot of the staircase for her, so as to insure her being right this time.

With a bow and a murmured "thank you," Jeanie Benton accepted the attention in the matter-of-course fashion peculiar to pretty women, and passed in through the swing-door which led to the dentist's rooms. She paused a moment in the tiny vestibule at the foot of the stairs, to indulge in a half-nervous, half-derisive little smile at herself and her terrors, and then resolutely mounted the narrow, winding flight before her. Presently she came out into a square entry with a matted floor, two cane-seated chairs and a large open window overlooking the street. Here she made a longer pause to give her courage an additional screw before ringing the bell in the grim, ominously-looking door before her. There was plenty of

time, she thought, before risking the terrors beyond that portal; she would look out a bit, and think about it, so she leaned on the window-sill and let her eyes wander up and down the crowded thoroughfare, and wondered idly if any of that ceaseless, hurrying throng were ever afflicted with toothache, and if so, whether they came here, up these narrow, crooked stairs, and in at that star-chamber-looking door, seeking comfort and relief, and whether their seeking was successful. Then vague, uncanny memories of Dickens' sad heroine, sitting lonely in the gloomy corner-house, haunted by the echoing footsteps, passed through her mind as the sound of the endless coming and going came up from below with wearying monotony. Finally, with a quick, impatient movement, she took her courage in both hands, and making a dash at the bell, rang a sharp peal.

The door was opened immediately by a short, stout, middle-aged colored woman, with turbaned head, and long white apron, who invited Jeanie in with that air of quiet appreciation of the anguish to come, peculiar to dental attendants.

"Is Dr. Hunter in?" asked Jeanie, inwardly praying that the answer might be a negative, and so win for her a reprieve.

"Yes, ma'am, de doctor's at home," replied the old woman, in a mournful voice, motioning Jeanie to enter. "He's got one patient in dar wid him now, but he's boun' to be mos' done by dis time, kase he been wukin' over de same man nigh on to two hours. He can't be much longer now 'cepten de man's gwine to hab de jaw-bones skinned."

"Good gracious!" thought Jeanie, sinking into the spring rocking-chair assiduously brought forward by the turbaned and melancholy dame. "What an idiot, goose, maniac, I was to come, and how I wish I hadn't."

The old woman punched at the fire, put on fresh coal, and remarked "dat it was a pow'ful cold day fo' de time o' ye'r," and that she "shouldn't wonder if folks could git ice, if it held on a little while," then she took a long, considering look at Jeanie, sighed, and slowly withdrew, with the air of one who knew all about it and would sympathize sincerely, only that it was not worth while.

Left alone, Jeanie rocked herself and repented bitterly that she had come; then she let her eyes wander slowly around the room, taking in all its grim suggestiveness, from the terra-cotta urns filled with dead ferns and grasses (instead of ashes) on the mantel, to the chair with the overcoat and hat in the corner by the window.

There is something simply awful in the star-chamber of a dentist's office. It is like the courtyard to Hades and ought to have Dante's inscription put over the door. The dirt-colored India matting suggests a hard, hopeless expanse, trod by weary, fainting feet, the furniture, no matter

how handsome, has an angular, uncompromising look, evidently so used to tremblings and fears as to have become brutally indifferent, and determined that in their arms there shall be found no yielding. The very stove partakes of the weird influences of the place, and blinks its fiery iron-glass eyes with malignant meaning. Altogether, there are pleasanter places on earth to spend a morning in than a dentist's waiting-room, with the sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth coming out ever and anon from the inner sanctum.

Jeanie found looking around nervous work, particularly when in the course of their wanderings her eyes chanced to encounter other eyes—pained, startled eyes looking out from a white, frightened face, straight into hers. She was dismayed for a moment, until she found that it was only her own face reflected in the tall mirror between the windows, then she put up her hand and hastily pulled down the thick folds of her veil, turning her back resolutely on the glass.

There is a deadly cynicism about your true dental mirror. It is like those unpleasant people who pride themselves aggressively on their candor; with uncompromising, brutal faithfulness, it unflinchingly shows you to yourself at your very worst, at the moment, too, of all others in your life when you are most in need of soothing. Every spot, scar or blemish, no matter how trifling, is brought out with startling, awful distinctness, in the weird, demoniacal depths of the dental mirror, and good points sink into a mean and niggardly minority or disappear altogether. In the hour of your humiliation you are forced to behold yourself a monster and to feel that there is no course left but to clap your hands over your face and fly at once and forever from the light of men.

Jeanie was wise to turn her back upon the fatal mirror, for no one likes to behold themselves a total wreck before entering upon an engagement, and Jeanie knew that the less she allowed her mind to become unsettled just now, the better it would be for her later. She concentrated her attention, therefore, upon the bronze Mercury standing on one winged foot in the place of honor between the terra-cotta urns on the mantel. Slowly the dial with its long ornamented pendulum swayed back and forth in the uplifted hands of the winged messengers of fate; "one moment, two, three, and then the deluge," it seemed to say. Jeanie decided that the "grandfather's clock" was not a circumstance compared to this one for heart-breaking monotony. She felt a mad desire to stop it, or break it, and the wish that she had stayed away grew stronger in her soul.

In the next room she heard soft, quick movements, the murmur of voices and now and then a groan. Talk of dangers by flood and field, of fire, storm, carnage and revolt, of shipwreck, famine,

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disaster and death, of one and all the situations which call for human courage and endurance, and I will cap the horror of them all by pointing with silent grimness to the dental chair. That is the place and those are the times to try men's souls. If there is a bit of white feather anywhere about you, you will show it there. Pride, shame, self-control are all thrown to the winds from the moment when, with sinking heart and quivering nerves, you slowly and dejectedly mount that woe-ful throne and sinking back, open your mouth and shut your eyes, abandoning yourself to your fate. Oh, it is a painful situation, and in sight of it staid mothers of families lift up their voices and weep like infants, and bearded men cry aloud and spare not.

Meanwhile Jeanie, sitting in a dejected attitude in the spring rocking-chair, listened to the murmur from the operating-room, and watched the maddening pendulum. Presently there was a howl and a roar which would have done credit to a lioness deprived of her whelps, followed by a deep groan. Jeanie cowered and put her small, gloved hands over her ears, womanlike, after having heard all there was to hear. Then a man's voice said, briskly:

"It's all over now, sir. The tooth is out and you will feel better presently. Just lie still a moment and pull yourself together. You stood it better than I expected."

Jeanie wondered mutely "*what he had expected if that was standing it well.*" A sharp, querulous voice in the next room replied with considerable asperity:

"Stand it well! I should think so! I don't suppose there is another man in L—— who would have stood it at all! But I was always noted for endurance. I never make a needless fuss over physical pain. I've got some courage, thank God."

"Very brave, indeed, sir," assented Dr. Hunter, with a fine, a very fine touch of irony in his voice. "Your stoicism surprised me. The tooth was a double one and the gum inflamed, which made the operation peculiarly painful, but you will be all right in a moment."

"All right?" echoed the patient, in accents of bitter indignation. "You don't know what you are talking about, doctor. I am completely unnerved. I feel as if I had been pounded. Good Lord! I thought you had pulled my jaw-bone out by the roots!"

"Let me get you a glass of brandy and water," suggested Dr. Hunter, and then came the sound of liquids pouring.

Jeanie, listening intently, heard the patient rise slowly from the chair; heard him ask for his bill, then heard the clink of money and the dentist's quiet voice uttering the customary word of thanks.

The voice was a familiar one to the listener in

the waiting-room. She knew every tone and intonation of it by heart, and had sickened silently for the sound of it for months—sickened with a weary, self-reproachful longing, which dated back to one moonlit August night at a fashionable watering-place among the Virginian hills. She remembered every cadence and inflection of its low, clear tones as well as she did the words it had uttered; remembered the thrill in it as it murmured in her ear one evening, on a vine-covered portico at the Greenbrier "White,"—that ever new tale which men have loved to tell and women to hear ever since the world began. The voice in the next room, talking commonplace to a nervous, ill-tempered patient, brought a different scene to the mind of the veiled listener; brought it back with a vividness with which certain acts in our life's drama constantly resurrect themselves, even when they should be only dead memories. The strains of the "Blue Danube" and theplash of a fountain mingled with the voices and the glamour of summer moonlight, and handsome gray eyes took the place of the stiff, angular chairs and tables and malignant, fiery-eyed stove. Then came the memory of sharp, bitter words, cutting through the moonlight and the pleasantries—words that sting like the lash of a whip.

"A dentist!" she had cried, hotly, snatching her hand away, as though his touch soiled her. "A dentist, when I thought you a physician! How dared you conceal your profession from me?"

And Dr. Hunter replied that he used no concealment; that everybody at the Springs knew his profession and he had no reason to suppose that she alone was in ignorance. He was not ashamed of it. To relieve one form of human suffering was surely as honorable as to relieve another.

And she had answered sharply that she never could or would marry a dentist; that it was disgusting, monstrous, horrible; the very idea was repugnant to her; she could never, never consent to take her bread literally out of other people's mouths.

Then her lover had replied bitterly that it was very evident that she had never loved him; that in supposing that she did she had deceived both herself and him; that as to his profession, it was a necessary and an honorable one, and if she had cared for him she would never have made that an objection; that she might spare them both any more bitter words, for he perceived plainly that they had made a mistake, and the only thing left was for him to withdraw his obnoxious suit at once, with a sincere apology for ever having troubled her with it.

And she had answered with acrimonious dignity that since he thought they had made a mistake, she fully agreed with him that the best thing to be done was to remedy it at once; that if he had only exercised common honesty with her in the matter

of his calling, no such mistake would have been possible, after which Parthian shot they had parted in mutual and dignified ill-temper, each swelling with a sense of wrong and injustice and each heartily blaming the other. Dr. Hunter had shaken the dust of the Greenbrier "White" from his feet in a fury, and returned at once to his reviled and outraged profession, throwing himself into even its minutest details with grim perverseness. "Was a dentist a pariah?" he questioned, working away fiercely at the set of artificial pearls he was constructing to repair the ravages of time in the mouth of an ancient beau. Was he an outcast, that this proud woman should hold his touch contamination? Was not the agony of an aching tooth almost equal to the agony of a crushed limb? What difference was there then in the worth of the physicians that attended the two cases? both relieved suffering by the practice of their art; both did the best they could for their fellow-men. As to his work, at least as much thought, study and brain power went into all of his cases as was ever exhibited by the practitioners in that other branch of medicine which Miss Benton appeared to hold so much more honorable. Heavens! how he had been deceived! What a temper she had! How angry he was—and how he loved her.

Jeanie, left alone at the "White," nursed her wrath and tried to stifle her conscience (which arose and rebuked her sternly at times), by plunging recklessly into a series of the most open and flagrant flirtations, such as caused alarm and reprobation to be felt by the maidens and filled the breasts of the mothers of sons with a stern and righteous indignation, whose only relief was found in words of burning censure. After awhile flirtation and even the rare delight of making other women angry palled on her, so she went to her easy-going, indulgent father and besought him to take her home, for she was "tired to death and hated, yes, *hated* the Springs."

Marveling greatly at the change which had come over the spirit of his daughter's dream so suddenly, Mr. Benton, like a wise parent, asked no questions, and having wearied himself also of dissipating, paid his bills and took Jeanie back to the quiet old river-side home where she had plenty of time to think and to repent her of her sins. Through the months that followed, he calmly submitted to her wayward and perverse moods, and put up with her unexplained fits of crossness and depression; she would work round all right after awhile, he thought, and after all there was no understanding women. Her brothers and sisters openly declared that going to the Springs had been "the ruin of Jeanie, for since her return she had been crosser than a person with a jumping toothache." Jeanie always winced at such allusions, unwitting though they were

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made, for that had become a mighty tender point with her.

After all her ardent declarations that she was wearied to death of gayety, and only cared for quiet and to be let alone, Jeanie's family felt that they had a right to be surprised when she calmly announced one morning that she had received an invitation from an old school friend, living in L—, which she intended to accept. The family reminded her that there was such a thing as consistency, and also, that she had never in days of yore professed any violent degree of friendship, not to say affection, for the young lady whom she now yearned to visit. Jeanie let their jibes go by unanswered and tranquilly made her preparations and departed. She knew that L— was the home of Dr. Hunter, and regarded Lucy Graham's invitation simply as a means to an end.

Jeanie was no fool, although she had been occasionally forced to the unwelcome conclusion that she sometimes acted like one. She had learned to her cost, that whether she liked his profession or not, she certainly liked, nay *loved* Dr. Hunter with all the strength that was in her; that on turning her back on him, she had also turned it on her best, if not her only chance of happiness. At first her confidence that when his temper cooled, her lover would return, sustained her, and then when day after day passed without word or sign, pride and resentment came to her aid; it was during this period that her flirtations began to excite feminine horror and dismay. Then a reaction had set in when everything had become as dust and ashes; then gayety and admiration wearied her to death, and life, and its pomp and circumstance, was as the abomination of desolation in her eyes. At this stage she was grieved to the soul, for "the little heathen" felt the faint stirrings of a possible future "mission," attempted to face life "with calm, celestial brow, and pensive drooping lip." She even went the lengths of meditating whether it was in the range of possibility for her to become a "comfort to her family." Here she always paused, however, and decided that that was quite out of the question. Devotion might come, missions might come, with diligent seeking, but it was beyond the limits of humanity to become a "comfort" to a family, every member of which was fully capable of the brutal suggestion that "pensive drooping lips" could be readily accounted for by the presence of an aching tooth. Tooth indeed! when it was her very heart that ached because of other people's teeth.

When Lucy Graham's letter came with its welcome invitation, Jeanie's busy brain leaped at once into the daylight offered, and dazzling possibilities presented themselves. Was the past really irremediable? Was there no way of undoing the rash act of that August night, and winning back her lover? There must be; there should be! She

would accept Lucy's invitation, and trust to her woman's wit and the chapter of accidents that sometimes befriends lovers, to bring about a meeting.

To L—, therefore, she had come with renewed confidence and hope, but so far, nothing had come of it. Her trust in chance and woman's wit had proved equally abortive and her visit begun, continued and appeared likely to end without the desired meeting. She heard of Dr. Hunter it is true, and that was something; heard of him as a hardworking enthusiast in his profession, caring very little for general society and not at all for amusements. Was there ever anything so perverse? She knew that she had been to blame, and thirsted to apologize; she had committed a fault of which she repented bitterly and longed to make her repentance known; but how was any woman to carry either apologies or repentance to a man who never appeared in places where she was in the least likely to meet him?

All at once an idea came to her with a shock that set her nerves quivering. What if she should go to his office and consult him professionally? Jeanie started back, mentally, from her own thought. What! go to the man's office, and looking him in the face, gravely consult him in the very professional capacity which had been the cause of their parting? Submit her own mouth to his inspection, knowing all the time—and worse still, knowing that he knew that the very ground of her refusal had been the inspection by him of other people's mouths? The idea was simply awful, but at the same time it was ridiculous, and Jeanie laughed hysterically, even while she decided that it was altogether out of the question.

One day, after she had been in L— several weeks, and was beginning to feel that she couldn't in decency prolong her visit much longer, a chance remark of old Mr. Graham's gave a different coloring to the whole affair and drove her to a rather hasty decision. They were all seated at the breakfast-table, when Mr. Graham, glancing up from the morning paper across to his wife, remarked:

"My dear, you are going to receive a shock on one of your tenderest points; do accept my sympathy and prepare yourself, while I break the tidings to you gently. One of your favorite physicians is about leaving L—. Dr. Hunter has advertised his stock and practice and is going down to New Orleans almost immediately."

"What for?" demanded Mrs. Graham, in tones of dire dismay. "Why is he leaving? It ought not to be permitted. Oh, what ever will become of the children's teeth?"

"I don't well see how a man of thirty-five is to be prevented doing what he chooses in this country, my dear," replied Mr. Graham, mildly. "I reckon he thinks he will improve his condition by

the move, or else he is tired of L——. Depend upon it, he has some good reason."

"I don't believe he has any reason at all," cried Mrs. Graham, in vexation. "It is perfectly abominable for professional men to chop and change around after people have gotten used to them. There are Charlie's teeth all growing crooked and no one but Dr. Hunter can ever get them straight again, of that I am convinced. Upon my word, I don't understand this move at all."

"Perhaps it is not necessary for you to understand it," remarked Mr. Graham, gently. "Maybe Dr. Hunter's understanding it is sufficient. As I suggested before, perhaps the move will improve his condition peculiarly."

"Improve a fiddlestick," said the lady, scoffingly. "Why, he has the largest practice in town. Go when you will, his waiting-room is sure to be crowded. You may take this matter calmly, but with Charlie's teeth growing in the way they do, I am ready to cry."

"I don't see what good taking it tempestuously, will do, my love. If tears would keep Dr. Hunter here, at least until Charlie's teeth are straightened, I am sure I should have no objection to shed gallons, but as they won't I think you had better take the boy down to him this afternoon."

"That I certainly will," replied his wife, emphatically; "and to-morrow and the next day, too. Oh, how sorry I am! How perverse in Dr. Hunter to go away."

Then the rest of the family took up the refrain, and rung the changes on Dr. Hunter all through the rest of the meal. There is something peculiarly appropriate in administering due meed of praise to dentists during meal times, for surely then, either the need or the comfort of their ministrations is most keenly felt.

Jeanie listened like one in a dream while the talk about her lover went on around her. She heard them all praising his skill, gentleness and strength; heard favorable comments on the moderation of his charges and lamentations over his departure; but the only thing which her brain grasped with any degree of clearness was the crushing fact of that departure. He was going away, her handsome, gray-eyed lover; going entirely out of her life, away to a strange place where he would forget all about her and perhaps learn to love some other woman. He would never, never know how sorry she was for those spiteful, unladylike words, or how she had longed to tell him so, and worse than all, he would never know how much she loved him. Oh, she must see him. Nay, she *would* see him. What was propriety or womanly reserve when her lover was going away without even knowing she was near him?

Going quietly upstairs after breakfast, Jeanie armed herself with a sharp-pointed pair of embroidery-scissors and placing herself in front of

the glass, deliberately dug the filling out of one of her pretty white teeth. It hurt, but she did not care; an excuse she must have for calling at Dr. Hunter's office, and this was the only one that would hold good. Her eye-tooth now required immediate attention, so she would go to the best dentist in L—— to remedy the mischance. What more simple and natural? Her conduct during the interview would be guided by his, but see him again she would; on *that* at least she was determined. Without giving herself time to think, Jeanie hastily slipped on her hat and ulster and set out on her expedition. Twice she stopped to inquire the way, once of a small boy, who, with the innate depravity of small boys, sent her in the wrong direction, and again of the whisking lawyer, whose privacy she invaded in the manner we have seen. Finally she found herself, with her head in a whirl, seated in the spring rocking-chair in Dr. Hunter's waiting-room, with the sound of the well-remembered voice ringing in her ears and a mad desire to strangle herself for coming in her heart.

Presently the two men came out of the inner office together, the patient, a short, fat, pursy man, loud in his laudations of his own heroism, and the doctor assenting gravely, but with a mocking merriment in his eyes as he helped the stout gentleman on with his coat. Beyond a silent bow, he took no notice of the slight, upright figure by the stove, and as he walked across the room to open the door for his self-satisfying patient, Jeanie took a good look at him through her sheltering veil.

Dr. Hunter was a tall, well-made, muscular man, with handsome face, keen gray eyes, and supple, firm white hands, all most excellent things in a man of his profession. Jeanie's quick eyes noted several changes, slight indeed, but to her plainly perceptible; there was a little less care about his dress, his necktie was decidedly unbecoming, and his face was worn, with a new cynical line or two about the mouth, and a shadow in the gray eyes. Jeanie, although ordinarily a kind and tender-hearted woman, beheld these ravages in her lover's charms with positive delight; if she could have discovered a few gray hairs and a crow's foot or two, her bliss would have been complete. She was glad, jubilant, that he had suffered. She hoped ardently that he had suffered agonies of wretchedness, she would have been overjoyed to think he had passed foodless days and sleepless nights on account of his unhappiness, for this knowledge would, she thought, in some measure, reconcile her to the step she had taken.

After bowing out his patient, Dr. Hunter advanced at once to the stove near which Jeanie sat, saying in that pleasant voice of his:

"I am exceedingly sorry to have kept you wait-

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ing so long, madame, but it was unavoidable. Will you come into the other room, now? I am quite at your service."

Would he be "quite at her service," Jeanie wondered, after he found out who she was? Too late to go back now, however, so without trusting herself to speak, she rose, bowed and followed him into the inner room.

"Now, if you will remove your hat and veil while I arrange this chair, I can make the examination at once," said Dr. Hunter, busying himself instantly with the necessary arrangements.

How odiously, aggravatingly self-possessed he was, intent only on putting clean towels on that abominable chair, and fixing the instruments of torture on that hideous little table. Never mind, she would give him a shock and a surprise in a moment, if only her hands did not tremble so, and she could ever discover the head of that provoking hat-pin.

"You are nervous," remarked Dr. Hunter, coming to her side again; "that is not well. Allow me to aid you," and the quick, dexterous hands came to the assistance of her trembling ones, finding, as if by magic, the head of the refractory pin which had eluded her, and removing both hat and veil in an instant. Jeanie looked up quickly through her lashes, expecting the surprised, pained start, and sudden hardening of the face which she had told herself was sure to come. Nothing of the sort happened; she might have been the veriest stranger on earth, for all the difference the sight of her pale, frightened, defiant face made in Dr. Hunter's aspect. Laying her hat down on the table, he calmly extended his hand to assist her into the chair and signified his readiness to begin. In all of her renderings of the scene of their meeting, nothing like this had ever occurred to her; reproaches, dignity, temper, she was prepared for and had wrought herself up to the requisite pitch, but now it seemed there was to be no scene at all, nothing but the ordinary intercourse between patient and physician. Was ever anything so flat? Jeanie could have cried, could have killed him, could have murdered herself. After all she had gone through, after humiliating herself so far as voluntarily to seek him, to be treated in this manner was outrageous, it was impertinent, it was unbearable. Swelling with a mighty sense of injury, she climbed into the chair ignoring the proffered hand. Then her thoughts changed, he was determined that this should be

simply a professional interview then, he would not even recognize her. Very well, she would show him that two could play at that game; if he was going to be only the doctor, she could play the role of patient and the tooth spoke for itself. Arriving at this determination in less time than it takes to tell it, Jeanie leaned back in the chair and resolutely opened her mouth, disclosing two firm

white rows of ivory for Dr. Hunter's inspection. Jeanie's teeth were in perfect order and she knew it, else I doubt if even the fear of losing her lover would have induced her to get into that chair.

Dr. Hunter made the examination gravely, Jeanie watching him through her half-closed lashes, much as a cat watches a mouse. Her hands trembled and her heart beat distressingly. Did he enjoy her situation? she wondered; if he betrayed the faintest symptom of exultation she felt that she should box his ears. Not the ghost of a smile flitted across the handsome face, only grave professional interest was in the dark-gray eyes; reaching out one hand to the little instrument-table attached to the arm of the chair he took up a thing like a crochet needle, and touched the eye-tooth.

"Not much to be done," he said, quietly, "only the eye-tooth needs refilling. Your teeth are in first-rate condition. When did you lose this filling; recently?"

"Yes," assented Jeanie, "very recently."

Dr. Hunter rose, turned to a shelf close by, took down a vial and a glass, and commenced dropping a dark-looking liquid, then he went into a back room and half-filled the glass with water.

"Drink this, please," he said, coming back to her. "Your nerves must be steadier before I can get to work."

"What is it?" demanded Jeanie, sitting up alertly in the chair and feeling like the heroine in a French play when the betrayed lover or husband hands up the poisoned chalice and commands her, in tragic tones, to drain the fatal draught, to slow music. There were elements of interest in this situation after all; she really began to enjoy it.

"Only valerian," answered Dr. Hunter, looking as little melo-dramatic as possible. "You are in a highly nervous state, and there is a tolerably painful little operation to be gone through before I can refill that tooth. There is some of the old gold still in it which must be taken out. It looks as if the filling had been partially removed with a pointed instrument."

"Will it hurt much?" asked Jeanie, ignoring the last remark, and sipping her valerian, slowly.

"Yes, but I'll try and be as gentle as possible. Now, are you ready? Put your head a little more to this side, open your mouth a trifle more, please; that will do, thank you."

Then he knelt down on the step beside the chair and fell to work, the silence only broken from time to time by a murmured direction and the grating of the instruments. Jeanie watched him curiously; was he a stick, or a stone? Had he ceased entirely to love her, that his fingers could touch her cheek, her chin, nay, her very lips so steadily, and his eyes keep only their keen

professional light, so near her own? It must be so, and after awhile she would be sorry, and indignant, and would hate and scorn both him and herself, but just now she suffered from a cause far removed from sentiment. How long it took to fill a tooth, and how much more painful than usual it was. Ah, that was a sharp pang; how things wavered and went away from her, how black it all was, she could not see Dr. Hunter's face and she felt so queer and light-headed.

Presently she felt the sharp dash of cold water in her face and came slowly back to consciousness to find Dr. Hunter bending over her anxiously throwing water on her forehead with one hand and wiping it off again with a towel held crumpled up in the other. He gave a quick sigh of relief as she opened her eyes and then proceeded to dry her face for her in a series of scientific dabs. Jeanie stood it as long as she could, but the absurdity of the situation was too much for her already shaken nerves. Putting up both hands and pushing him away, towel and all, she regarded him gravely a moment and then broke into a perfect shout of laughter. Dr. Hunter looked at her for an instant, as though he doubted her sanity, and half reached out his hand for the bottle of ammonia, but the genuine ring of her mirth was so contagious that he first smiled and then leaned back against the wall and laughed until the tears rolled down his face; the contrast between the present scene and the one they had last enacted was too much for human composure. When his mirth had subsided a little, he wiped his eyes on the towel, which he still held, and extended his hands frankly.

"Let us be friends again, Miss Benton," he said, heartily. "If your experience has at all resembled mine you will confess that the *last* mistake was the worst one. I see your feelings about my profession have modified, or you would not be here."

Jeanie surrendered her hand to his clasp, willingly enough.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I can't tell you how I regret my unladylike, arrogant words. I had no right to speak as I did of any honorable profession, and I beg your pardon, heartily."

"Can't you go a little further, Jean?" asked Dr. Hunter, regarding her wistfully. "Can't you unsay all the rest as well? I love you just as dearly, nay, far more dearly, than I did that August night. I tried with all my strength to forget you, to hate you, even, and thought I had succeeded, until you came this morning and showed me in an instant what a fool I was to suppose it possible."

"Then you knew I was in the waiting-room all that time while you were bothering with the old gentleman?" cried Jeanie, surprised. "No wonder you were so composed. How did you guess it

was me?" she added, earnestly and ungrammatically.

"I heard you ask Juno if I was in, and then I caught a glimpse of your face in the glass before you put down your veil."

"What made you behave so inhumanly?" demanded Jeanie, regarding him sternly. "Never taking any more notice of me than if I were the utterest stranger."

"How was I to know that you *were* other than the utterest stranger?" he questioned, in his turn. "I did not know then and I don't know now. Of course, I can guess that the professional part of this visit is a mere form, but am I to put the full construction on it which it will bear? Am I to understand that *you* wish to undo the part as heartily as *I* wish to have it undone? Answer me. Am I to understand this?"

"It would not have hurt you to wish me 'good morning,'" murmured Jeanie, irrelevantly, letting his questions go by and holding on to her grievance.

"Yes, it would," he answered, hotly. "Any words between us two hurt me, except the ones I mean to speak and intend you to answer before you leave that chair. Look at me Jean, I am asking you again to be my wife."

Instead of doing as she was bidden, Jeanie bent her ear in a listening attitude and held up one hand with every appearance of intensest interest.

"There is some one at the door. I hear them," she announced with conviction.

"No, you don't," said Dr. Hunter, frowning, "or if you do they cannot get in. I made Juno pin a notice on the outside door two hours ago to the effect that I was engaged on a most important case, and the office was closed for the day. Trifling won't do, Jean. I am master of the situation and I mean to have an answer. Shall it be yes or no, this time, my darling?" and again he knelt on the step by the big chair and took both her hands in his.

No need to tell what the answer was, or what followed. If any one is curious, let him close his eyes and take a mental review of his own feelings and actions on the momentous occasion when "he put his fortune to the touch" and won it all. Suffice it to say that the grim little office, with its drugs, instruments and general panoply of woe was transformed for the nonce into something very like paradise, and the big chair, which had heretofore felt only writhes of anguish, now held perfect contentment, and that its present occupant, unlike its former ones, felt actually happy among its cushions. It was a new experience for that old chair and one to be remembered.

At length, when every thought, feeling, misery and experience from the hour of their parting down to the present time of meeting had been thoroughly canvassed at least a dozen times, Jeanie reached

out her hand for her hat, declaring positively that it was "terribly late," and she really must go home at once.

"Wait one moment," said Dr. Hunter, quickly; "before you go, just let me finish off that eye-tooth. I was nearly through with it when you fainted and frightened me out of my senses almost. It only wants a little smoothing and polishing."

"Never mind the tooth," said Jeanie, easily. "It feels all right enough. It don't need polishing."

"Yes it does," he persisted. "You must let me be the judge in professional matters, and I cannot consent to let a job leave my hands in that rough condition. Here, you can see for yourself," and he reached her a small hand-glass.

Jeanie waved it aside with dignified composure. "Dr. Hunter," she remarked, severely, "the man who would hand a woman a looking-glass after she had been through a dental operation, a fainting fit and a proposal of marriage, besides having her face washed the wrong way and all the curl taken out of her bangs, is a brute."

The doctor laughed and put the looking-glass out of sight on the shelf behind him.

"I see nothing the matter with your hair," he cried. "It looks lovely; so does your face. I admire myself in the capacity of lady's-maid, immensely. Now you really must let me finish the tooth. It won't take a moment."

"No," said Jeanie, "I will not have it. If it needs anything more I will stop into Dr. Leigh's office to-morrow and have it attended to."

"And so ruin my reputation by taking the case out of my hands. It betrays a miserable lack of confidence in my skill which I shall not put up with. No other man's hands shall touch that blessed tooth, that I swear. Why, but for it I might have gone down to the South, age and to my grave, besides thinking you a prejudiced, unfeeling woman. If that other dentist's work had stood as well as I mean mine to, I would never have known of the change in your mind—and then you coolly propose to let some sacrilegious outsider finish off that sacred tooth!"

Jeanie made a grimace, but she submitted; and this time there was another kind of light in the handsome gray eyes, and the fingers that touched cheek or chin did so with a lingering, loving caress.

Just as she was leaving the office, which no longer looked a dreary torture-chamber in her eyes, but rather a shrine dedicated to the relief of human misery, Jeanie's overpowering honesty got the better of her determination not to tell, and turning to her lover and looking him bravely in the eyes, she said:

"Dr. Hunter, the other dentist's work was not defective. The filling did not come out of itself. I dug it out this morning with the point

of my scissors. It is not fair for him to be blamed."

And Dr. Hunter whispered, as he held her in his arms and bent his face down on hers, "Jeanie, love, I think you must be the honestest, bravest woman in all the world. God deal with me as I require you for your love and trust."

M. G. McCLELLAND.

AS TWILIGHT MEDIATES.

AS twilight mediates between
The daylight and the dark,
So each life change that comes to us
Hath faint dividing mark;
The morning, like an opening rose,
Within the sky dilates—
The faint tints deepen till the noon,
Then day wanes as it breaks.

Slowly; so cometh every change,
God's tenderness through all
Runs a vein; He would not have
The darkness like a wall
Confront us, waking sudden fear.
When life draws near its close
Its joys shall fail as gradually
As life wanes from the rose.

Our earthlight fade as daylight fades.
I love to think mayhap
On God's arm we may fall asleep,
As babe on mother's lap;
Our weakness as our life-tide ebbs
May make more dear to Him
The face that turned so white with pain,
The eyes with mist so dim.

How falls the babe on sleep? its eyes
Kissed down with Love's own seal,
It smiles its sweetest just to feel
The waves of slumber steal
Over its senses. She who bends
Above the dimpled face,
Sees sleep's soft, silvery waves beat up—
Sees a more tender grace

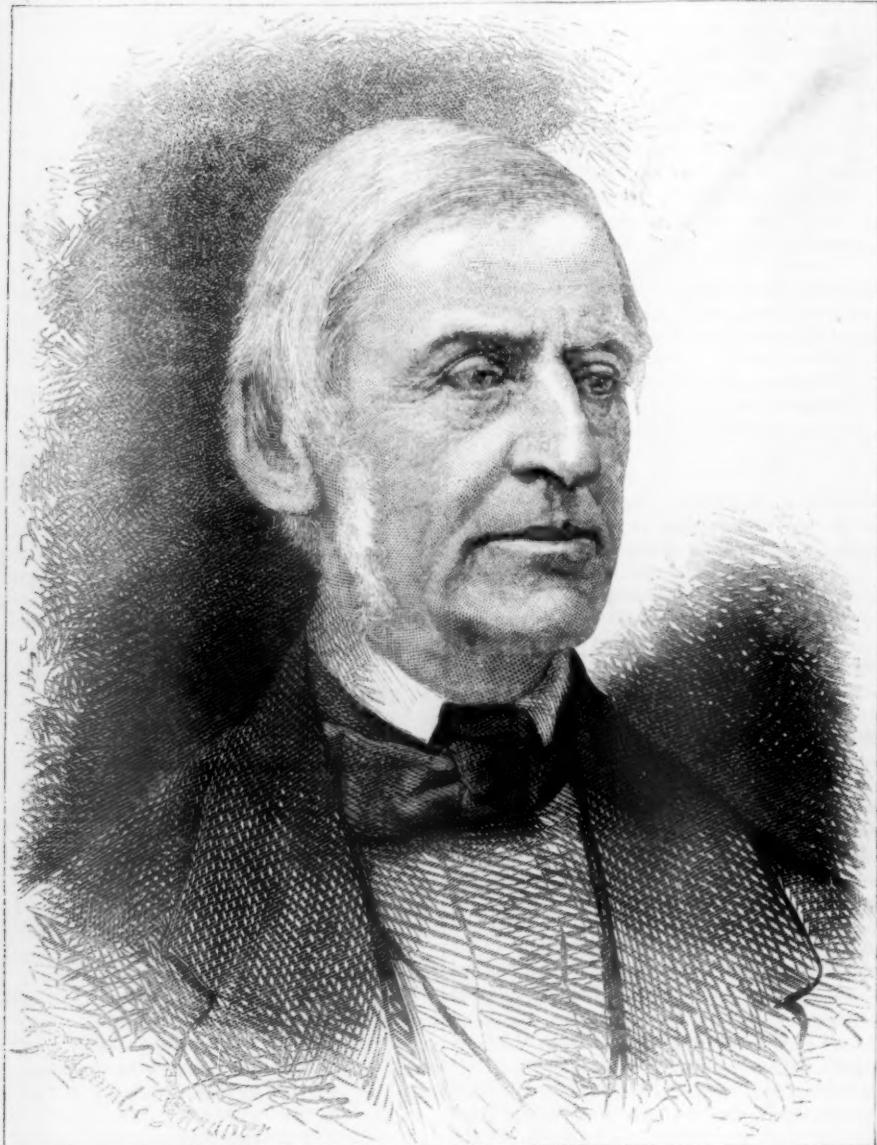
Touch lip and eye. O God, we thank
Thee for Thy gift of sleep,
For that slow-coming angel's touch,
For Thy wave's gradual sweep,
For morning's tender, deepening grace
As of an opening rose;
For the unutterable charm
Of day's sweet twilight close,
That change is tempered to our needs.
We lay us in Thine arms
And trust Thy tenderness to keep
Our soul from all that harms.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

PHILOSOPHER AND POET.

"No sooner does a great man depart and leave his character as public property, than a crowd of little men rushes toward it," says Carlyle. "There they are gathered together,

to catch some reflex of it in the little mirror of himself, though many times this mirror is so twisted with convexities and concavities, or so extremely small in size, that to reflect any true image, or any image whatever from it is out of the question."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

blinking up to it with such vision as they have, scanning it from afar, hovering round it this way and that, each cunningly endeavoring by all arts

The absolute truth of this rough judgment is quite enough to restrain the holding up of any small mirror with its twist of "convexities and

concavities," were it not that the image seems, in spite of all inequalities of the reflecting surface, too divine to turn to the wall, or to brood over in secret and selfish solitude. It is like some grand effect of nature which alone we may contemplate with thrilling heart and bended knee, yet with an inexpressible longing for the charm of human sympathy.

The love and reverence with which individual impressions of Emerson and Longfellow have been given to public view since death cast its illuminating flame on their perfected lives, do not suggest, however, the "blinking crowd" of Carlyle's vision "cunningly endeavoring by all arts to catch some reflex" of the glory revealed. The simple, serene, sincere truth of the one, the tender, refined and beautiful humanity of the other, can find slight expression with natures which are not in sympathy and aspiration at least, as simple, sincere, tender, catholic and true. There is no place for literary "pomp and vanities" in the review of character and work like theirs. The critic who ventures on fine writing to give lustre to such subjects, shows a bluntness of perception which disqualifies him to deal with them at all. It is like seeking to enhance the brilliancy of diamonds by tinsel settings.

Perhaps the greater danger of those who first feel the subtle influence of Emerson on thought and purpose, is the tendency to a belief in him as an "original force," a divine power—a danger which he himself warns all hero-worshippers to shun, insisting that the best benefit of any genius is in our acceptance of him as an exponent of a vaster mind and will.

Dazzled by the flood of light that blazes from his clear-cut sentences, clustering like diamonds of purest water in essays, whose titles even are guiding stars to higher mental states, the young enthusiast is likely to feel that, at last, he is rewarded in his seeking for a perennial fountain of truth. Only when we come into clearer understanding of, and closer sympathy with, the spirit of the man, is it seen that he is "the opaque self, become transparent with the light of the First Cause." That there may be refractions of this light, that it may flow more luminously, fall less obliquely through you or through me, he is the last to deny. There is no dogmatism in his clear, sharp, positive utterance of the principle that he sees, however dogmatic and decisive this utterance appears. Everywhere he insists on the exercise of individual freedom in the discernment and acceptance of truth, disowning at all times the authority of any law in private action which is not clearly emphasized and fully confirmed by our own perceptions of its divine and eternal source.

And this freedom which he presses upon others he instinctively maintains in himself, speaking always with an absolute faithfulness to his convic-

tions, regardless of philosophies whose orbits his own transcends, unconscious of any trammels but the limits of his own moral and intellectual being.

It is this independence of thought and life, which gives to the Concord philosopher a power unsurpassed by the sages of ancient or modern times. In his heroic withdrawal from what he would call "the accents of other men's devotions,"—in his serene attitude of reception to the highest truths, he assumes to us the relation of an oracle of purest wisdom. Yet he would never suffer us to believe this power of reception greater in himself than in the humblest soul that would turn with like reverence to "see how the thing stands in God."

"A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. * * * The soul whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. * * * All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the soul have its way through us, in other words, to engage us to obey."

"There is a certain wisdom of humanity which is common to the greatest men with the lowest, and which our ordinary education often labors to silence and obstruct. The best minds, who love truth for its own sake, think much less of property in truth. They accept it thankfully, everywhere, and do not label and stamp it with any man's name, for it is theirs long beforehand and from eternity. The learned and the studious of thought have no monopoly of wisdom. Their violence of direction in some degree disqualifies them to think truly. We owe many valuable observations to people who are not very acute or profound, and who say the thing without effort which we want and have long been hunting in vain."

The egotism which surface reviewers of Emerson have attributed to him, is seen on closer view to be only the serene, self-possession of a soul that stands in clear relations with the universal good. His sublime self-trust is but a reverent reliance on the Supreme Power wherein he acts with a freedom that can only exist in interior harmony with Divine law. The denial which narrow and bigoted minds have charged to him, is found, when the grand sweep of his philosophy is in any sense comprehended, an affirmation of the highest hopes of our immortal nature, broader, deeper, stronger and far more vital than the faith-bound, struggling, too often dying, in ecclesiastic fetters. The confidence of any humble Christian worker might be quickened, vitalized by the electric touch of his belief and love.

It is vain by sparse clipping of passages, severed from their connections, to give any but the faintest glimpse of the glory of Emerson's work. It is like bottling the surf to carry away an impression of the grandeur and majesty of the sea. It is like

plucking a few leaves to suggest the sanctuary calm and holiness of the forest. Nothing less than his first series of essays will serve as a representative of his infinite reaches of thought.

His method of work is an example in literature that puts to blush the "talent which glitters to-day that it may dine and sleep well to-morrow." Holding himself always in that calm altitude receptive to the "truth which alone makes rich and great," he wrote fearlessly and with utter abandonment to the inspiration of the hour, regardless of the thought expressed yesterday and of the contradiction which might come to-morrow. Yet throughout the wide range of his essays, which are a series of circles, broadening ever to newer, larger circles, there is the lovely harmony of a rounded and perfected whole, and we see the beautiful illustration of one of his many assertions to the same effect, that "there will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. * * * The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt will fail to reach yours. * * * He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public."

Caught in the rolling sea of Emersonian periods one utterly forgets the man in the sublime truths that are greater than he. We only realize, as we beat the waves with bated breath, the divine possibilities of the life that is ours and all our staganant powers rally to action under the spur of quickening sentences that are like the blow of a magnetic hand.

From the stimulating quality of thought like t's, which appeals most forcibly to our reason, we turn as from plans of a battle to the sweetness and peace of Longfellow's verse, in which we rest as on the bank of a meadow brook, with the tender, mist-flecked blue of May skies above us, the delicate perfume of violets and apple-blossoms in the air, the low ripple of placid waters, the mystery whispering winds, the singing ecstasy of nest-building birds thrilling and charming every sense.

The restless reaching and striving of the brain after the unattainable is here soothed and quieted to the gentle throbings of the heart, satisfied in the possession of tender human affections that mirror the peace of heaven. His song is like the music that we crave when we lie in the twilight after the care, vexation and weariness of the day, soft, dreamy, tender and tranquilizing, with never the jarring discord of a false note, which would forever destroy its charm.

We recall, in reading him, his own conception of the singer's errand :

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

He has no fiery bursts of passion, no stirring "strains of martial music," suggesting

"Life's endless toil and endeavor,"

but he is like the poet whom he himself has summed to "banish the thoughts of day."

"Whose songs gushed from his heart,

As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

"Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

How many have felt, indeed, in the charm and comfort of his exquisite harmonies, which touch the tenderest chords of life, that—

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

And how many hearts, bowed and broken under the sorrow of love's loss, have been lifted and healed by the heavenly reflection of "Resignation," which carries the divine consolation that is born of patient striving with sacred personal griefs.

Nor are there lacking poems of deepest, purest inspiration to noble efforts and grand attainment in human virtues, and thousands, who as "Architects of Fate," might never feel the touch of sympathy that would bear them in the loftier sweep of Emerson's philosophy, would sway to the rhythmic motion of "The Builders," and work with a will to—

" Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean."

We have all thrilled to "the accents of that unknown tongue, Excelsior!" We have all stirred to the clarion notes of the "Psalm of Life," and at the "Ladder of St. Augustine" we have paused with upward aspiration, feeling with freshened impulse that—

" We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by move and move,
The cloudy summits of our time."

The fact that the private lives of both philosopher and poet were as pure, lofty and beautiful as their finest utterance before the world, endows their work with a living soul and fires it with a vital force which, through other lives, must perpetuate its influence to remotest time. There is no final period to the earthly existence of men like Emerson and Longfellow. They still abide with us in presence, real and eternal, as the spirit that inspired them and with power intensified rather than lessened by the accident, named death.

"Great men exist that there may be greater men," says Emerson, and we feel that the potent

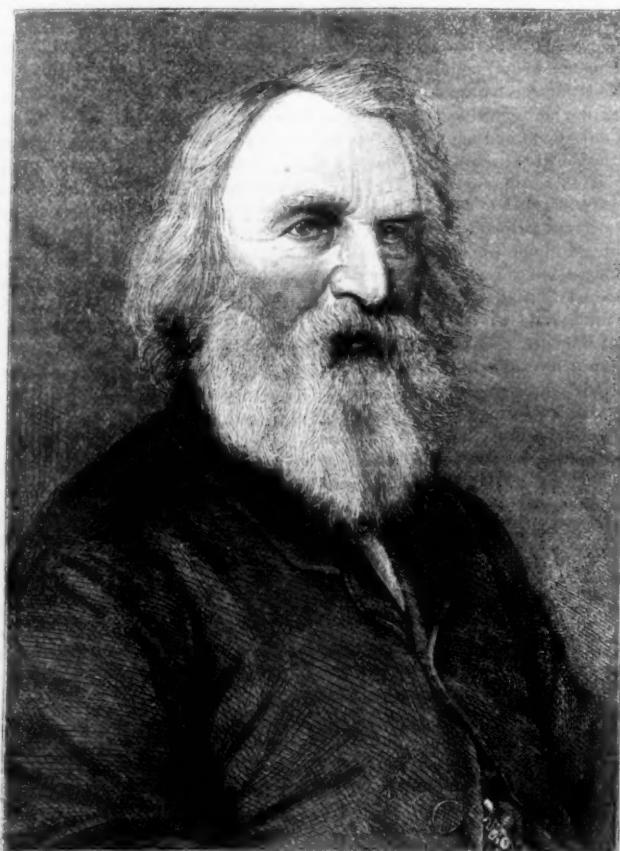
influence of his fine, pure thought on the minds of present and future generations may open to view a wider and more luminous sphere of truth than even he has revealed.

His own dumb figure, sitting sometimes in the Court of the Philosophers, at Concord, last summer, silent yet eloquent beyond speech, seemed prophetic and symbolical of the spiritual presence which now, voiceless and unseen, doubly emphasizes the message he has left to the world.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

of combined truth and beauty, holds a *suggestion* of divineness and commands reverence.

It is a great need of this weary and troubled world that it should have some expression of its every-day feelings and experiences. It cannot do this for itself. It has not the art; but it reaches out with passionate love and admiration to the poet who can do this for it! It is one of the mysteries of the world's being that a joy is doubled and a sorrow lessened when these have found fit expression. This, in a most emphatic sense, is the



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW AS POET.

IN the death of Longfellow the heart of the American people has been deeply stirred. The love that a nation has for its poets is strong and has an element in it of reverence. Something of those unseen processes by which a mind is moved to utter divine sentiments in forms

secret of the world's love and grief for Longfellow. He could express its ordinary griefs and toils and joys in truth, simplicity and purity of speech. He has also taught us how to *feel*, which in the language of another "is quite as important as how to think!" To *feel*, purely, tenderly, sincerely, nobly—this is a great part of education and religion.

It is difficult to realize that we have the last of

those exquisite poems that for half a century have delighted all English-speaking people. The records of poetry do not contain many histories of poetic lives of equally fruitful length. Nor are there many that have been rounded to such noble completeness. There have been few who so fully illustrated in life and word the poetic ideal. Between his words and himself there was no jar. All his fair fancies, all his pure thoughts, all his musical loyalty to that one spirit of his art, which is at once the spirit of beauty and truth, were spoken twice—once in the lines the world will forever take care of, and again in the long, strong, beautiful life.

Longfellow thought it high enough ambition for poetic talent to encourage goodness and foster aspiration, and so thought the people, who greeted with affectionate ardor his "Excelsior" and "Psalm of Life." "Not enjoyment and not beauty" even, was what he wanted to give us and teach us.

But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day."

But his *genius* makes palpable the fine gold of the thought, which without his aid, in some less gifted mind would be left to trail in the dust—for let it be remembered that that is the *best* poetry and the most immortal, which speaks to the higher ranges of our life, and according to this rule Longfellow may be said never to have written a line which, dying, he would wish to recall.

His fame is of that kind which will be jealously guarded by the people, because it appeals to what is *best* in human nature, in thoughts as noble as their expression is musical. His ballads first published have become household words because conceived in a spirit and uttered with a melody that haunts the popular heart. Take, for example, the poem "Resignation"—

"There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there!"

It contains no great originality, but how it sets the heart-strings quivering in every parent who has lost a little child! And who that loves little children can read the poems "Weariness," "The Children's Hour," and "Children," without thanking the poet?

Again, how he interprets nature's moods for us, in "The Rainy Day," and "A Day of Sunshine!" Where is the strong-souled, exuberant youth who does not exult in the lines—

"Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life! that seems almost too much."

What a picture is this to make the senses reel with delight—

"Blow winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry blooms!
Blow winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!"
How the school-boy loves to recite "The Skele-

ton in Armor," "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs," while his sister chants "The Hymn To-night," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Footsteps of Angels." For fifty years the school-readers have contained these and others of his short poems—every one a polished gem, many of them illustrating how genius and scholarship may be united to perfect the poet's art; for our consummate poet added to his genius the finest culture. He knew the literature of all languages, and had the exquisite taste to put the best and finest thoughts into the purest English—his meaning never obscured by paradoxes or solecisms. His translation of Dante is of itself sufficient to secure his fame as a combination of elegant learning and perfect taste.

"Evangeline" is a picture once looked upon, never to be forgotten. What power is that that could sweep a whole continent, from Nova Scotia to Louisiana, and not falter in execution! exalting all common-place facts and scenes with a love faithful unto death. The theme of love, touched by his pen, is always sacred and orderly, never gross or wayward. We rise from his pictures purer, stronger, lifted to a higher plane.

Critics have mercilessly assailed "The Spanish Student," but they cannot dissolve the fine aroma that floats about its passages of rarest beauty. Also, the intellectual and historical service Longfellow has rendered to posterity, cannot be overestimated in the poems "Hiawatha," and "Courtship of Miles Standish." These will bind his name and fame in with the volume of American history. Some one has said, "when great things are done and endured in this world, God inspires a poet to commemorate and perpetuate them!" Also, that "these poems are as certain to be read as Homer, and for the same reason."

Who has carved for us such an immortal tablet of the Red Man's race? Or who, such an idyllic picture of our Pilgrim Fathers? Surely, "John Alden" is immortal!

Perhaps the grandest ode that Longfellow ever wrote, is that marvelous poem, "Morituri Salutamus." It is said to be the noblest hymn to *old age*, ever written. "We who are about to die, salute you!" How its calm dignity thrills the soul. With strong, bold, yet peaceful front, he greets the shadows, as once the full glare of day. "Is it too late?" he cries. Nay, nothing is too late, for those who will do and dare. This is the concentrated essence of his spirit.

The last poem that he wrote, was in President Garfield's memory, in which these lines occur—

"Ah! me, how dark this discipline of pain
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest, and infinite release!"

"This, is our consolation. And again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense—
'I came from martyrdom, unto this peace.'"

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Spanish aroma beauty. Long- e over- Court- and his American things inspries them!" e read

tablet dyllic John

w ever Saluta- to old o die, ls the ent, he f day. is too is the sident cur—

This, though the last written, was not the latest published; one of later print being found in the *Century Magazine*, with these words of fitting application,

"Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives—
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their name survives."

Among his latest, deepest songs is one indited to Tennyson—a chivalrous greeting from one knight of song to another!—and a tender message to Lowell in the "Elmwood Songs." Longfellow has reached the "*ultimathule*" of which he wrote. The world's love and homage gathered about him while he lived, and Heaven's "well done" has crowned the whole.

Who will not re-echo the fitting eulogy of Prof. Everett's words as we bid our beloved poet adieu.

"He has passed away! I think we have not yet learned the meaning of those words. We half think still to meet him in his familiar haunts. And does not this protest of the heart contain a truth? His spirit has been called, but he has given himself to us. In his songs he is with us still, a minister of love. He will be by the side of youth, pointing to heights as yet unscaled, and bidding him have faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands; with the mariner upon the sea; with the explorer in the woods; he will be in the quiet beauty of home; by the side of the sorrowing heart, and as old age gathers about the human soul, he will be *there* to whisper 'courage,' still, to cry—'Old age is opportunity, no less than youth itself!' Thus will he inspire in all a sublimity of faith and courage, and point all to those two sources of strength that alone can never fail, 'Heart within, and God o'erhead!'

* * * * *

"O poet beloved! for thee 'there is no death. What *seems* so is *transition*.'

"Thy pathway lies among the stars."

"Say not the poet dies,

Though in the dust he lies;

He cannot forfeit his melodious breath

Unsphered by envious Death!

Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;

Their fate he cannot share,

Whe, in the enchanted air,

Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,

Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!"

"Say not, then, that we have *lost* this inspiring master in the world of thought and art. His gentle, restful presence still lays its cool touch upon the tumult of our lives, and

"Can teach us how to climb

Higher than the sphery chime!"

"His own words in his exquisite farewell to his beloved friend, Charles Sumner, shall be ours with reverent lips—

"Good night! Good night! * * * * *
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn!"

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

A SWEET SURPRISE.

WE were waiting for the train. It was nearly two hours late. Mrs. Bennett, Abby Fairhurst and myself, were going to the nearest city on business: Mrs. Bennett to leave her "measure," she said, for a new set of teeth, Abby to get a plume for Gracie's hat, and I was going to see the doctor about the pains in my joints. If it really was rheumatism, I wanted to know it.

Somehow, time never drags with me, now that I am a good deal older than I used to be, when I was a fussy, eager, imperious girl, so I didn't care much if the train was slow. It was restful to sit in one of the agent's big, easy chairs, and chat with these women who were not very near neighbors of mine. Abby said, "Well, if brother Dick gets hungry before I get home again, he knows where the cupboard is, and I am sure it is not like old Mother Hubbard's, either." Mrs. Bennett consoled herself, that if the milking had to be done in her absence, her good Yankee husband had been most admirably trained for his place, by one of the best of mothers. And I—well I said as I always do when I am a little trifle puzzled or annoyed, "In a hundred years from now, it will not matter."

The agent brought his late papers for us to read. One always finds something new and good, and it was the case then. A scrappy paragraph with the caption, "Living Within One's Income," provoked a little laugh. It was something written by a woman, a woman vexed over the ever-recurring problem. It ran thus: "She was always inclined to go beyond her strength," was one of the points in a late obituary, which I read. It set me to thinking. The woman had really gone beyond her strength, and paid the penalty it seemed with her life, and if it had not been wicked, I would have said, "and served her right."

It is unwise to live beyond one's income of strength, as of money, and more so, for it does more harm. The truth of the saying is very obvious, "if Satan cannot hold back, he drives." We may not say that the fault of the age is overactivity, but the tendency of the age is to overdrive.

There is a great deal of work to be done by women in these days, and there are women to do the work. But for wives and mothers, there can be very little beyond the immediate duties of their

special position. And we should see more healthy women and healthy children if this were better remembered. "But there is so much to be done!" Granted. But the Lord can do His own work—all we have to do is our own.

There is a long article floating about taken from some English review, on "The Rights of Children," which, if it was not so long, might be copied with profit by every paper in the land. One of the rights enunciated is, a sound and vigorous constitution. This, of course, depends upon the mother, and how shall her child be vigorous, if she go beyond her strength and use up her vigor in any work, no matter what? She need not be idle and useless, that is the other extreme, but it is unjust to others, as well as herself, to go beyond her strength—if she live beyond her income.

There are many "mysterious dispensations" where children are feeble and sickly, or where the mother is taken away from them in the midst of her cares and duties, which dispensations are merely due to the mistake of doing too much—going beyond the income of life and strength.

If we ever get to Heaven, we shall marvel greatly over the mistakes we made here—made even when we meant well, and thought we were doing God's service.

We three conversed on the topic, women saving themselves, until the train came, and then we talked no more, for we were seated in different parts of the car, which happened to be crowded. Now it was our good fortune to sit beside an elderly woman, the wife of a distinguished educator in New England, and how it came to pass we cannot remember, but the same topic came up under a different guise, and in a more elevated tone of sentiment.

How we did wish all the mothers in the land could have heard this blessed mother and grandmother talk about the duties of parents, especially maternal duties. She said: "Why, children are becoming unpopular and unwelcome! Many good women—good as the world goes—congratulate themselves upon being free from the care and annoyance of children. They deem them a calamity. They interfere with the selfish desire for ease, and comfort, and pleasure. There is something nobler than flattery and flirtation for which to live.

"A mother's life should not be one ceaseless worry and fret, shutting out the sunshine of beauty under the clouds of care. There must be repose of mind, not a continual tilt with care, for the spiritual image of the mother reproduces itself just as the master-spirit of the artist impresses itself upon the breathing marble, and makes it the truthful medium of his own inspiration.

"When motherhood is attuned to a heroic key, then are heroes born. There is such a thing as

virtue and excellence being hereditary with children; they may enter the race of life endowed with mental and moral strength."

We ventured to ask a question, not hesitatingly, for this noble woman was not one to fear or shrink from, and the answer was: "The sturdy old truth still holds its own; the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Yes, there are legacies of woe, as is attested by the well-filled asylums for the deaf, dumb and blind; the refuges for idiots swarming with their pitiful throng of bereft humanity."

Startled at the picture, we suggested that the mother often saw her ownself photographed in her offspring, and the dear woman beside us, with the face of a seer, said: "If the mother is petulant, discontented, fault-finding, reproachful, she must expect the duplicate of herself in the coming child. If she is annoyed, mortified and unreconciled, she cannot hope for noble, loving, dutiful progeny.

"There is really an inborn consciousness of being unwelcome. No wonder we meet with sneaking countenances every day on the street! No wonder that so many walk with heads bowed down like a bulrush! They have no inborn sense of a right to live. What we would have our children be, we must be ourselves. Genuine nobility must be bequeathed as an inheritance. Let superabounding life enkindle life; let strength beget strength; let power invoke power; let beauty of soul and feature insure beauty; let virtue bequeath virtue; let heroes and noblemen be bred; let every faculty and attainment be made to pay tribute to the coming child; let mentality be terse and active; let there be a mingling of grace and grit; let mothers sing exultantly; and let her feel that the richest reward of such a life is to have lived it."

As the train slacked and we rose with reluctance to leave, a fine-looking, middle-aged man came up smiling, with a joyous "well, mother, you have been visiting."

Placing my hand, which she was yet holding, into his, she said: "This is my baby, my youngest born."

We have rarely looked upon a handsomer or better face, or a finer figure. We congratulated the mother who had such a son; when, with love-lit eyes that spoke volumes, he smilingly made the instant reply, "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother."

When we reached the city we separated, agreeing to meet at Mercer's restaurant and take tea together at six o'clock. The home train did not arrive until nearly bed-time and this arrangement helped to put in the hours pleasantly and agreeably to all of us.

By the time appointed we went there. Abby had the new plume for sister Grace; Mrs. Bennett had left "the measure for her new teeth,"

and the doctor had laughed over our aching joints and told us to be patient and wait until we had settled weather, when the rheumatism feelings would disappear. Mrs. Bennett brought a Mrs. John Smythe along with her, a woman who lived three miles north of the village, at home. We four made just a tableful. Now we had often heard about Mrs. Smythe, a woman who "turned off big days' work," and gloried in the reputation it brought her. She was a woman who whooped when she conversed; who strode when she walked; who sniffed at other people's bargains; who "dressed as good as the best of 'em," as she expressed it; whose table afforded pie three times a day; and in mid-summer she treated her men-folks to canned sausage and greasy doughnuts and hominy and corn-bread. Not a woman was she who set aside the "good old way" for the "novelties of new things." She was astonished that people would go to Sneed's to trade when Sharp & Keen offered such splendid bargains. She was astounded that Abby rode from home to the depot, a distance of one mile, when she herself got up that morning at three o'clock, milked five cows, got breakfast for the family, hung out a week's washing, churned, tended to the skimming and fixed things handy to leave for the children, and then walked down to the depot "all herself;" and here she stood up with a kind of a snort of amazement, as though we other human women were pygmies—insignificant, "no account creatures." When she spoke of things at home she said "my cows," "my hens," "my mare," "my Mary Ann and my John Henry." She used kerosene oil internally for ailments; molasses and pepper poured into the ear for earache; planted her garden seeds "in the moon," and never began any job of work on Friday. Every time she went to the city, even to carry butter and eggs in her phaeton, she dressed in silk that trailed and switched its fringe in every breeze. She said storekeepers could always tell "who was who," by the way they dressed. Her unkempt hair, tawny complexion and sinewy, red hands and the striding feet that flopped her scant skirts did not accord with the heavy silks and the fringe and laces. Indeed, Mrs. Smythe did not compare well with the dear, delightful old lady we had listened to in the cars. The contrast was painful, pitiable, and it was not pleasant to have them brought so closely together as this afternoon's experience had brought them. How some women do brawl when they talk! We thought of this when, after our cozy tea, we were seated together, Abby, Ann Bennett, and ourselves, in the waiting-room at the station.

Abby said, "Note the difference in women's voices; we can learn something new. There is a natural difference in women's voices, for some are so pleasant, while others have a great deal of hardness and roughness in them, owing entirely to ne-

glect. They make no effort to speak in a pleasant tone. Few really good voices are met with."

We listened. The women by the window conversed in a tone that was audible. One had a harsh voice that grated, almost scratched; the other whined out in a tiresome, wheezy, wearisome way. The women on the seat by the water-tank had poor voices; one was thin, almost to whimpering; another soft, but a decided monotone—as even as a chalk-line on the floor; another piped and squeaked, and rose sometimes into a squeal, while the other was Mrs. Smythe, who whooped all the time like a drover taking pigs to the market. The little lady with the band-box and satchel conversed like a lady; her articulation was distinct, the utterance smooth, musical, the inflections proper, and the very words were soft, not too low—a voice that betokened culture and refinement.

And we two, sitting there, not censorious, not unkind, but willing to learn, ready to find lessons even by the wayside, said this, one to the other, and the other to 't other: "Regard should be had at all times to the tones of the voice in speaking. The first effort should be to speak distinctly, then smoothly, then sweetly; no pieces of words should be allowed; every word should be distinctly articulated. Attention should be given to smoothness and to the pleasantness of the tones. A person of refinement or high culture is distinguished often by the voice. A coarse, uncultivated woman never has a smooth, pleasant utterance." And then we thought of the sweet tones of that brave, grand woman, Charlotte Cushman, who began drilling her voice even in her young girlhood, just for the very love of trying and testing, and making the best and sweetest gift she could out of it.

One desirous of improving a harsh, or noisy, or faulty voice, can find no better exercise to assist her in carrying on her good work than to select and read aloud some beautiful specimens of poetry. Poems should be selected that are remarkable for smoothness and beauty of rhythm, as well as for beauty of thought and feeling. One should endeavor to enter into the feeling and to use the tones adapted to it.

And while we sat there crooning together in low tones we said we did wish there was some way in which women who were inclined to make the most of themselves, could have the opportunity and the advantages, social and intellectual, which would result from association.

And then we told Abby of the good talk we had had with the dear old lady on our way to the city—how it had refreshed, invigorated, encouraged and rejoiced us; how it filled our soul with an ache and a pain of more than sorrow because we alone were the delighted listeners, when all the women of our land should have sat within hearing

of the exalted and exultant sentiments of the blessed missionary whose lips dropped pearls.

And Abby listened, while, in our poor way, we told the "sweet surprise" that had come to us that afternoon in the close, warm, dusty, stuffy car, quite like meeting an angel unaware; quite like the angels met Jacob of old; and we said no song of rejoicing had ever gladdened us more. And the voice we remembered—the sweet, low, rich, friendly voice, full of cordiality and winsomeness, had drawn us wonderfully near the woman who "flung a ray, passing indeed, but cheering."

"In God's great field of labor
All work is not the same;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.
And you to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known
Rise up! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.
And rightly to fulfill it
His grace makes you rejoice,
You, to whose charge is given
The ministry of voice."

ROSELLA RICE.

AT HIS WITS' END.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE WAS DRIVEN THERE.

"**T**HOU'LL have to do the same as t' rest on us. What call hast thou to set thyself up, a man wi' only his day's wage to look till? To look at thee, folk would think thou could pocket-out t' National Debt at five minutes' notice."

"Nay, none so, mate. Times has been pretty slack with most on us of late."

"Then what a fool thou must be when a bit o' extra work turns up not to take it."

"Ah!" interjected another dust-begrimed mechanic, who with bare and folded arms was leaning, half-sitting, half-standing, against his anvil; "and there's another mouth to fill at your place, old chap, since yesterday, I hear tell."

"Yes—a little lass; the marrer of her mother!" said the man addressed, his teeth gleaming whitely as he smiled. He was a fine-looking fellow—tall, strong and powerful, with good-humored, blue-gray eyes shining under a broad forehead and relieving by their brightness the plainness of the other features and the weight of the square-cut jaw. He was eating his breakfast of bread and bacon in a primitive fashion, cutting pieces off the very thick sandwich with his pocket-knife, and then, transfixing them on the blade, he peared them in his mouth and every now and then refreshed himself likewise with a drink from a tin bottle, which was standing on the forge to keep the tea it contained hot.

"Come thou in to-night, Aaron," he continued, looking up at his mate who had last addressed him, "and thou shalt see her. I was thinking happen thou'd stand for her when the missus gets about."

"Well, lads, I'se none again' being sponsor to t' little lass. I reckon I sha'n't have so many sins to answer for her but what they may go along wi' my own without making much differ."

"Thou knows thou's nobbut joking. Thou doesn't think that."

"I do, though, old chap," answered his friend, nodding his large head, covered with red hair, vigorously, and then winking aside to their companion, the first speaker.

A shrill whistle rang through the vast place and in another moment the men had pocketed their pipes, Aaron and Stephen took up their hammers; Jerry turned to the forge. The thunder of blows, the resounding clang of the struck metal, and the rush and roar of the machinery made the very air of the workshop pulsate and throb with sound. For hours it went on. The sweat poured from Aaron's face and the muscles rose and fell in great bands across Stephen's shoulders, showing their quick working through his damp shirt. There was no time for speaking now. They worked with a will.

"Though I say it what shouldn't," said Aaron, in a short pause, as he straightened himself for a rest, "there's no two chaps in 'Hanworth's' can beat you and me, mate, at a spell of piece-work. Well, half-work is what I can't abide, nor thee neither, mate."

"Right there, Aaron, so here goes."

And again the regular rhythm of the blows rang out. Once more the whistle sounded. The hum of labor ceased and the workmen crowded toward the pay-window of the office.

"Now don't be a fool, lad!" whispered Aaron, as his turn and his friend's came, "thou can't afford scruples just now."

"Can't afford—ay, that's where the shoe pinches!" whispered Stephen, back.

As each man had his little pile of money pushed toward him and passed on, some were spoken a few words to and answered "All right," or, giving a short nod of acquiescence, passed on. Aaron's turn had arrived and Stephen was close behind him. The clerk hardly raised his head as he said:

"The anvils must work to-morrow. You'll be here?"

Aaron gave a grunt which might be taken for "Yes," and then Stephen was there.

"You would hear what I said?" asked the cashier.

"Yes; but could not we three work a night instead, till nigh twelve to-night, and again from half-past twelve on, sir? We'd prefer that."

The clerk turned questioningly toward a gentleman who, sitting in the office with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, was poising his chair on its back legs and gazing into the fire.

"What am I to say, sir?" asked the cashier.

"Eh! what?" cried the master, letting his chair come down suddenly on the floor and fixing his keen eyes on Stephen. "What does he want?"

"To work overnight, sir, instead of on Sunday. He says his two mates he thinks will be willing to join him, too, and he'll make full time."

Not condescending to notice the clerk's explanation, the master, springing to his feet, cried:

"Come in here, Steve."

And Stephen entered the counting-house cap in hand.

"Now, my lad, what nonsense is this?" demanded Mr. Hanworth. "You know well enough how slack trade has been, and I think you ought to be glad Hanworth's has got the order. It's good for you as well as me."

"So I am, sir, I'm sure."

"And you know it has to be executed to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do you mean to tell me you won't work on Sunday?"

"I'll make it up fully, sir. I know my two mates will come, and we'll give you full satisfaction; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I never have, sir, and I hope you won't ask it now."

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Hanworth, angrily. "Do you think I'm going to be preached at by any hand here. Are you going to accommodate me or are you not?"

Stephen stood silent and then he raised his eyes and looked full in his master's angry face.

That silent look was enough. White to his lips, Mr. Hanworth said slowly:

"If you won't accommodate me you may go," and then turned his back.

Stephen waited a moment or two and then slowly left the office and passed out into the now empty foundry yard.

In the street he found Aaron, lingering.

"Well, lad?"

"I've got the sack!"

Aaron would have said some word of consolation, but glancing at the sorrow-stricken face beside him, he forbore and left Stephen to walk home alone. As he did so he did not feel much like a hero! A man may do the right thing, but those know nothing of such struggles who represent that, therefore, peace—nay, joy will flood his soul. Nothing of the kind. There is only one way into the kingdom, and that way is strewn with thorns, and the thorns pierce the feet which press them; yes, sometimes they wound so deeply that they even lame, and it is with hesitating and bleeding footsteps that the traveler presses sorrowfully—it may be regretfully, onward. Visions

of victory fade away and all that the worn and wearied soul dares to hope for is strength to struggle forward, and maimed and broken-hearted, to reach some day the goal, and *then* rest.

Stephen, miserable and sad, grew more low-spirited as he neared his home. He did not fear having to listen to reproaches, but he trembled as he thought of the look he would receive. It was with a slow footstep that he entered the cottage and ascended the stairs to the neat room above, where wife and child awaited him.

With a bright countenance and shining eyes Mary looked up into her husband's face, and then before he spoke a word she stretched out her white hand and took his fondly.

"Dear lad, sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"A great deal, wife. I've got the sack."

Certainly, as he spoke the face he loved so well became downcast. Mary cast a frightened glance toward the little bundle by her side, but the next instant she regained her confidence and said, cheerfully:

"Never mind; you are sure to get on somewhere else. Thou are a first-class hand, Steve. There are plenty more works in this big town beside Hanworth's. Have any more got turned off? Is work slacker?"

"No; it's better, and I'm the only one out."

"Thou the *only* one? Tell me all about it, dear Steve."

And then he related his story, and as he spoke, his wife's face grew as quiet and as settled as his own, and when he concluded with the remark, "It's very hard on you and the little lass, Mary, but what could I do?" she answered:

"Nothing but what thou has done. My Steve would have to grow a different man from what he is afore he'd put us above his duty to God. Never fear for us; a way will be made. Kneel down and pray a bit, lad!"

And when, in a few low-murmured, heart-felt sentences her husband had done so, she fell quietly asleep holding his hand in hers. Afraid to disturb her he sat still, thinking of many things, and his thoughts were not sad, for, now the first shock of losing his work at such a critical time was past, he felt convinced he should have little difficulty in getting another place. He knew himself to be a first-rate workman, and that his character as a steady and reliable man stood high and was pretty well known among those to whom on Monday he must apply for employment, and he thought with some satisfaction on the fact that from his apprenticeship he had always remained at Hanworth's. "Yes, I never was a chap for running about. I've never worked anywhere else, and though it's hard to be turned out of the old place, being so long there will help me to a new one."

So he sat quietly resting until the gathering twilight rendered all things indistinct and the fitful glow of the fire threw long, fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the little chamber.

A quiet, restful Sabbath followed, and on Monday morning, very early, with a hopeful, cheerful heart, Stephen sallied forth to seek new employment.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HE LOOKED FOR THERE.

MR. HANWORTH usually—as a respectable custom—attended church on Sunday morning. There was a feeling of satisfaction in accompanying his elegant wife and well-dressed children there. He did not think much why he did go, nor when he arrived at church did he think at all about worship or praise. He stood up and sat down in the right places—he did not kneel, of course; so far as the neighbors saw he was sufficiently devout, but if some unknown power had obliged Mr. Hanworth to reveal himself to public gaze, his human fellow-worshippers as well as the "cloud of witnesses" would have known that church-time was a time of busy business—a quiet time for speculation, investment, invention, calculation and plans—anything but devotion to this seemingly correctly religious man.

Mr. Hanworth was "put out" more than he liked to own by Stephen's resolute bearing, and the little incident in his counting-house and the steadfast look in his workman's eyes kept recurring with disagreeable distinctness to his mental vision. Coming out of church he met, as he frequently did, another iron-master; living in the same direction, they usually walked home together, talking various little business matters over. To-day Mr. Hanworth mentioned Stephen's obstinacy.

"Just shows how disobliging those fellows can be. Man and boy he's worked about the place for twenty years. Detestable impudence! He's only one of a class. Combination is our only remedy. Are you coming to the master's meeting to-morrow? Yes, of course. You'll mention this little circumstance?"

"No, I think not. I don't want to injure the fellow."

"Then I shall. Fine day, isn't it? good-bye!"

The next day the "little circumstance" was mentioned and called forth many indignant and contemptuous comments. Nearly all the gentlemen present were self-made men. And yet amongst no set of aristocratic land-owners could more determined counsels of class (*their* class, that is) supremacy be heard. One benevolent old man did dare, certainly, to remark that this did not seem to him a case of insubordination, but of conscience, and that every man had a right to his

Sabbath, but this gentleman was treated with scant attention.

And there the matter was dropped. But not ended, as Stephen found to his cost next day.

All Monday, Stephen went from foundry to foundry, but trade had been dull and was just beginning to revive, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understood his own particular branch was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he did call, he found he was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks, Stephen wandered about, constantly asking for work. When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born, and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighboring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumors of employment, which always turned out to be false, for the iron trade, which was beginning to revive in the great town, was still stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air, that misfortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

Stephen tried each evening, as he neared his house, to put on the cheerful air he did not feel, and enter his home briskly, but one look at Mary's anxious face and large questioning eyes, and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on account of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister—a widow—had needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this third week, was obliged to go to the Savings Bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then, Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and sometimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude, that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and the patient, uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could not help watching, his pale, feeble wife and helpless

little baby. Out in the streets there seemed more room to move. He avoided the hours when he should meet his fellow-workmen returning from that employment to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man on the street in his unused working dress, and with that look of misfortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having yielded to sin, for every waking hour of the day had been passed in fighting temptation. A voice had been constantly urging him, with sometimes such terrible vehemence it seemed as though no denial was possible—

"Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are sorry, and you will work on Sunday when he finds it needful. He will take you back. The wages are good, and Mary and the child will be provided for. Go at once; here you are just passing the gates."

"No, no! not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to Thee, and to do what I am sure is right," he would cry in his heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known walls.

Saturday night came. There was a question Stephen must ask, and he tried twice or thrice to say the words, before they would form the very simple sentence.

"Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get."

"A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar—enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us."

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

ANOTHER Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke blackened old parish church, none carried a heavier heart than the workingman who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the farthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to sleep as she rocked it to and fro in her arms, when the door opened and Aaron came in.

"Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?"

"No, not at all; I can't get a chance to go to work."

"Ay, but that's bad! You see, Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth sacked thee. Have you tried old Mr. Wilson? He's of thy own way of thinking."

"Ay, and I should have got a job, maybe; but they've not work for their own old hands."

"I'm sorry for you, Steve. I've wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to-day, directly I've got washed I'll go and see Steve."

"Have you been working every Sunday sin'?"

"Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?"

"Obey God, rather than man." Stephen said the words sadly, and as though speaking to himself.

"Ah, it's well enough for thee," Aaron began, and then he stopped suddenly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

"You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup of tea with us? We can yet afford to give friend that."

"Yes, do, Aaron," echoed Mary. "Here, Steve, hold baby, will you? while I get i ready."

Stephen took the little creature carefully—he was not much used to holding babies in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, holding the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he rocked the more she cried.

Mary who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

"What ever's the matter?" said Stephen, turning helplessly toward his wife. "I never heard it go on like this afore."

"You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it straight."

The baby ceased to cry, and remained quite happy on her father's knees till the poor meal was spread. Then, though Mary and Aaron talked cheerfully together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they drew their chairs around the hearth, his thoughtful gaze turned to his little child, peacefully slumbering in her wooden cradle, and he became absorbed apparently in contemplating her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Yes, that's how it could be done."

"What done?"

"Why, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt."

"Then do it, lad," cried Aaron. "Lots of 't women folk would buy them; ay! and men too, for naught drives a man out of himsen like a crying barn."

"But I can't do it."

"For why?"

"Because our money's done, and we have naught even to buy pin-wire."

"Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee?"

"Ay, five shillings will, and plenty too; and thank you, mate."

"Nay, take ten shillings; you are kindly welcome."

After that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife, too, and home of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the sky above the crowded roofs when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wire-seller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

"Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first, my joy."

And he held toward her half a handful of the now universally known "safety pins."

"Will they do?" Stephen added, rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried:

"Do? Yes, grandly!" She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked up therefrom the baby, covering its tiny face with kisses. "My little barn, my lamb! I sadly feared for thee; but father can keep us both, now." And the mother burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, what hast thou been thinking of?"

"That I must get mother to take the little one and go back to service till times mended."

"I thought, wife, we promised for better or worse. We must always stick together."

She looked pitifully up into his kind face.

"But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very *worst* that could have come. We are bound to be honest, thou knows, lad."

"Thank God!" reverently responded her husband, "He has not let us be tried above what we could stand. As long as He spares *thee*, everything else I can bide to lose."

But henceforward it was no tale of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with various sizes of the new pin, Stephen sallied forth and visited some of the

largest drapers' shops in town. He returned in two hours with a handful of silver and an empty box, and set to work at making more; and, although Aaron joined him the following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pins became the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary he receives as manager, a very comfortable provision, indeed, for the wife and little children he has now the honor of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence, even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact, that he acutely feels that all his prosperity has come to him—a most unexpected gift—from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was led to think out and find what proved to be a blessing both to himself and family, and to tens of thousands of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labor is unknown at the "Safety-pin Works."

A LITTLE WHILE.

WHY should we mourn that for a little while
Our path must be through rough and
thorny ways?

Why should we sorrow that the sun should hide
Behind the clouds his brightly golden rays?
Why should we weep? Nay, why not rather
smile?

'Tis, at the longest, but a little while.

Why should we murmur that the draught of joy
Is dashed away from lips all parched with pain?
'Tis but a little while—the toil, the heat,

The burning thirst, and then our feet shall gain
The far, cool heights of bliss, and we shall know
The fountain pure that from the Throne doth flow.

Why should we grieve that for a little while
Our loved are gathered from our arms away
And laid to rest beneath the flowers' bloom,
To wait the dawning of a brighter day?
We cannot miss them long, the darkest night
Is but a little while—and then the light!

The light that shall illumine all the graves
That we have made and watered with our tears;
That shall light up the path that we have trod
With dread misgivings and with painful fears;
Light that shall tell why He would have it so,
Whose promise is: "Hereafter ye shall know."

S. J. JONES.

Religious Reading.

OUR DAILY BREAD.*

"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."

ALL the preceding petitions of this Divine prayer lead up to the one we are considering. They are natural and orderly steps to it. When we know the Lord as our Father in the heavens, kind, loving, tender and watchful over His children, and ready to abundantly supply us with all we need; when we are disposed to hallow His name by regarding all the attributes of His nature as pure and holy, as love and wisdom themselves; when from this knowledge of the Lord's nature we desire to have His kingdom established in us and His will done in us in all our natural affections, thoughts and activities, then we come into a state in which we see and delight to feel our dependence upon the Lord. We begin to see something of the beauty and perfection of the Divine character, and we desire to obtain the means of growing into the likeness and image of our Heavenly Father. We desire to be sustained, guided, fed by Him. We feel our need of His support, and we can sincerely and humbly ask Him to give us our daily bread. Every sincere prayer is the voice of a want; it is the want speaking. If we pray to our Heavenly Father, it is an acknowledgment of our dependence upon Him and of our belief that He can help us. The faith may be weak, but it is strong enough to lead us to ask. The Lord teaches us to ask Him for our daily bread. Let us consider what is meant by daily bread; why we should ask for it; how we should ask; and what will be the effects of receiving it.

What are we to understand by bread? Every child knows its specific and natural meaning. But it is something more than the specific substance we call bread. It is a general term embracing all food of all kinds. It comprises every substance which appeases hunger and supplies materials to repair the ever-wasting tissues of the body. When we pray for bread, then, we ask the Lord for natural food of all kinds for the supply of our natural wants. But why should we ask the Lord to give us what He is constantly providing in some measure, whether we ask Him or not? Those who deny His existence have as rich and varied an abundance of food as the most devout. All food products grow according to immutable laws. Prayer does not strengthen or weaken, or change the law. The Lord gives no special favors to the good in this respect. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and the unjust." The Lord provides for every living thing. "Behold the fowls of the air," He says, "for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Why should we ask Him to do what He is doing? Because by asking we acknowledge that we are dependent upon Him for our bread by whatever agencies He sends it to us. Our Heavenly Father feeds the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. He clothes the lily with beauty and makes the hills and valleys smile

with harvests. The fact that He gives to all creatures their food according to a universal law, does not detract in the least from His agency in making the provision. Natural law is simply His wise way of giving us our daily bread. Human agency in producing fruits and food does not diminish His providence in their creation. He gives us the privilege of co-operating with Him for our own culture and pleasure; but all power to do it is momentarily derived from Him. Our food of every kind is as truly and as fully the Lord's gift as it would be if He placed it upon our table at every meal.

But our agency in procuring our bread hides from us the Lord's providence and working. We attribute to the universal laws according to which the Lord works the creative power. We mistake the instrument or method for the Being who employs it. In this way we are led to forget and deny the Lord and trust to ourselves alone, and to live only a natural life. But our Heavenly Father desires to have us know Him "whom to know aright is life everlasting." He desires to have us see His goodness and mercy, His love and wisdom in all the provisions He has made for our natural good, for our protection and the supply of all our material wants. He desires to win our love that He may open the interior planes of our minds and come to us and bestow upon us larger and more precious spiritual blessings. It is not for Himself that He asks us to pray to Him or desires to have us acknowledge Him, but for our own good. In the degree He can get us to look up to Him and open our hearts to Him, He can bless us. If we regarded our food as a daily gift from the Lord, we should not eat it as the animal does; our thoughts would rise to the Lord at every meal and our hearts would be filled with gratitude for His provident and loving care. Every morsel of food would have a more precious value than its power to supply a natural want; it would lead us to know and love our Heavenly Father and to become more fully His children.

How shall we pray for our daily bread? Not alone in words. We cannot get it in that way, because the Lord cannot give it to us in that way, except in a most meagre and imperfect manner. One of the conditions of a full and varied supply is wanting. He has made our co-operation necessary in gaining our bread. We cannot do much, but the little is one link in the chain of causes by which the end is accomplished. We must, therefore, do our part. We must prepare the ground, cast the seed into it, protect the growing plants from harm, cultivate them, and gather the harvest when it is ripe. The most devout and persistent urgency of words, the most rigid formalities would not procure a morsel of bread for us. The husbandman knows how to worship, and what sacrifices to offer that will be efficacious in filling his granaries and loading his table with food. But while he is doing his work and in doing it, he should acknowledge that all his labor would be vain without the Lord's co-operation; he should be in the constant acknowledgment of his dependence upon Him. He should feel his absolute

* From a Discourse by Rev. Chauncey Giles.

dependence upon his Heavenly Father for these precious gifts. He should pray without ceasing and with perfect faith, "Give us this day our daily bread." If we worked in this frame of mind, we should be living near the Lord; we should be in constant communion with Him while engaged in our daily employments, and our hearts would overflow with gratitude and praise. Our prayer, also, would be answered because it would be offered in His name; that is, according to the laws of His Divine order. If all men prayed in this spirit, and worked in this way, there would be no want. The Lord would bless their basket and their store.

But man has a higher plane of faculties than the animal, and he needs bread of a corresponding excellence. By bread, we are to understand all the substances which support and nourish his spiritual nature. All consciousness of life is gained by organization. The spirit is an organic form as well as the body. It is a spiritual body subject to spiritual laws. A mental, or spiritual faculty is a spiritual organ, in the same sense that a material faculty is a material organ. The faculty of seeing is the eye; of hearing, the ear; of feeling, the nerves of sensation. The faculty of knowing, of thinking, of loving, are spiritual organs. They have their origin, their laws of development, the substances of which they are formed. They must have their daily bread. "Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

The spirit is the real man in every respect. It is in the human form. The material body is cast into its mould. It is organized within and without, in every least and greatest part, as the material body. It has bones, arteries, veins, nerves, flesh and blood, heart and lungs, eyes and ears, and every organ necessary to perform all the functions of a human being. But the substances of which they are formed are spiritual, and as distinct from matter as the mind is distinct from the body, and as superior to it as love and knowledge are superior to heat and light. This spiritual organism requires food to supply its wastes and to develop its powers. The organic forms of the material body are constantly wasting away and must be constantly supplied with food to repair the waste. The same process in principle is going on in the spiritual body. The forces which operate upon it from within and without dissipate its substance, and would destroy if the waste was not supplied and the organization constantly renewed.

This analogy between the material and the spiritual bodies gives force, a distinct, literal and comprehensible meaning to many passages in the Sacred Scriptures which have been regarded as figurative and to have only a vague and inferential application to practical life. When our Lord says, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work," He reveals a great law of universal application; He states a Divine fact. His human nature, or the human plane of His being with which He clothed His Divine nature and with which He identifies Himself, did receive its existence, its growth, its support and all its power from the essential Divine within Him which He constantly refers to as the Father. Life, which is substance itself, was constantly supplied from the

uncreated fountain within. When He says, "The Father that dwelleth within me, He doeth the works," He states a literal truth, applicable to His human nature before it was glorified or made Divine. He assumed it to make it a medium of communicating His Divine life to men in forms which they could receive and appropriate. Therefore He calls Himself "the bread of life," and declares that we must eat His flesh and drink His blood. "I am the living bread," He says, "which came down from Heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." He is the bread that came down from Heaven; He is the living water which becomes in those who drink it "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." The life which constantly flows from Him is a substance which bears the same relation to the spiritual body that natural bread bears to the material body and renders it the same service.

By the words which proceed out of the mouth of the Lord we are not to understand mere verbal expressions, but those Divine and substantial forces of love and truth which constantly flow from Him and which are to all spiritual life as the heat and light of the sun to vegetable life.

One of the great difficulties in understanding this subject consists in our utterly inadequate and false notions concerning love and truth. Love is regarded as a feeling and truth as a matter of words, when in reality love is the cause of all feeling and of all the activities of life; and truth is the veriest reality and substantial existence in the universe. Words are only the signs or names of truths. Love and truth are the substances from which all things are derived, and out of which they are created. God is love. Love is His flesh, the bread with which He feeds all intelligent beings. His blood is Divine truth, which cleanses from sin the soul that drinks it; truth sustains, enlarges, invigorates and builds up the human soul. Truth is the blood of the spiritual body and carries in its red currents the substances of which it is organized. It is real, genuine, substantial drink.

It is not, therefore, a figure of speech which our Lord uses when He calls Himself the "bread of life." He states a universal fact. Every substance which gives and sustains life is a form of His love and wisdom in that plane of the creation in which it exists. The harvests of wheat and corn which clothe our prairies and cover our hills; the delicious fruits which nestle among the leaves, hang in purple clusters from the vine and load the trees with their precious burdens, embodying odors and savors and substances for the sustenance and delight of man, are all forms, each after its own kind, of the Lord's love and truth. The loaf of bread upon our table is the Divine love in material form and substance as truly as those forces which kindle into holy ardor the affections of the angels. We know from our own experience that love gives us strength, excites to action and sustains us in the most protracted labors of body and mind. We know that there is no thought and no action where love is wanting. The Divine love, which is life, sustains; power is the bread we are to daily ask the Lord to give us. How are we to ask?

1. By repeating the words the Lord has given

us. There is a great and precious use in regular, stated prayer. Our children should learn this prayer and form the habit of using it. They may not think much of its meaning; they may not understand its full import. No man and no angel does. But it is the true form of thought and affection, and it becomes the means of conjunction and communication between those who use it and the angels and the Lord. It is a vessel for the reception of spiritual life; it is an instrument of transmitting heavenly influences to the soul. It becomes "remains" in the secret chambers of the heart, which may be vivified in some critical and favorable moment, and be the means of turning the balance of influence in favor of Heaven. Even if no positive good is gained, some evil may be prevented. The habit of lifting up our thoughts to the Lord in any time of temptation, or joy, or sorrow; when we are in doubt what course to pursue; when we feel our need of strength and guidance, will have a most important influence upon our progress in spiritual life.

2. We must ask by diligently seeking to secure the means of obtaining the bread which we need. We must procure and bring to the Lord the vessels which can receive and retain the bread we ask. The beggars who go from door to door provide a basket in which to receive what is given them. Divine truths are the only vessels which will receive and retain the bread of Heaven. We must learn these truths from the Word. Spiritual truths are the only vessels which can receive and retain spiritual life. Natural truths will not. A man might know all the facts and principles and laws of the material world, if such an amount of knowledge were possible, without having a spiritual idea, or anything in his mind capable of receiving and being acted upon by the Holy Spirit which is Divine truth. The memory must be stored and the understanding formed by Divine truths before the Lord can make us spiritual. He operates upon us by means of a force, an influence. There must be something in us to receive the force and be affected by it. The Lord cannot communicate a heavenly affection to a stone or to an animal, because there is nothing in them to receive it. The stone can be acted upon by heat and light; the animal can receive affection and sensation in low forms because it has an organization adapted to the forces which produce those effects. But sensation cannot be communicated to the stone, and a rational love to God and man cannot be given to the animal for the same reason. The ear does not ask for light, and light cannot be given to it, because it is not a vessel organized to receive it. The law is of universal application. We cannot think upon any subject or love any person of whom we have no knowledge.

If, therefore, we desire to receive the love of the Lord, which is the bread of life, we must learn truths which relate to Him. Divine truths are called in the Word spiritual riches. They are to man's spiritual progress and attainment as gold and silver and precious stones to supplying his natural wants and ministering to his natural delights. He should, therefore, be more eager and diligent in obtaining them in great abundance and variety than he is in acquiring natural wealth. He should seek for them as for hid treasure. He should pray for them morning, noon and evening. He should store his memory with them. No two

truths are exactly alike, consequently they do not receive precisely the same form of good. The bread will differ in quality; will be more or less adapted to sustain spiritual life; will differ in flavor and delicious power to nourish and enlarge our spiritual faculties as the truths which receive it differ in quality. As water takes on the form of the vessel which contains it, so the Divine love takes on the qualities of the truth which receives it. When we are learning Divine truths and storing our minds with them we are praying for our spiritual bread.

3. But a vessel will remain empty and render us no service unless we take it to the fountain and fill it. No asking is effective, and no prayer is complete until it becomes embodied in the deed. We may have an abundance of vessels and know where the bread is, but unless we put the bread into the basket; unless we eat it, it will not sustain and nurture our souls. We fill the truth with heavenly bread when we do what the truth tells us to do. When we begin to obey the commandments the love flows in. The Lord fills them with the bread of Heaven; He gives us His flesh to eat. This is the most difficult part of the prayer; but it is the part which gives fullness and effect to the others. An illustration from natural bread will show this. We pray for material bread when we feel the need of it, when we learn how to get it and actually procure it. But the hunger, which is the prayer of the body for bread, is not answered until we eat it and it becomes part of its tissues. So the prayer of our spiritual bodies is not fully made and answered until we appropriate the love of the Lord, and it becomes a component part of our spiritual organism. The Divine love must be in us; it must be flowing through our spiritual arteries and conveying life to every organ, and become life as it is incorporated into it. This reception and appropriation of the Divine love takes place in the exercise of the affections which this love creates. We pray for this bread in every act of keeping the commandments and in every effort to keep them. We pray this prayer when we shun evils as sins against God, and when we do good because it is from God and of God. We offer this petition when we perform any useful service to others from regard to their good.

PATIENCE.

A GENTLE angel wendeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below.
Her look, a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim;
Oh, follow then her guiding;
Sweet Patience is her name.

* * * * *
To every doubt and question
She cares not to reply:
"Bear on," is her suggestion,
"Thy resting place is nigh."
Thus, by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend,
Not overmuch she talketh,
But thinks, "Oh, happy end!"

The Home Circle.

THE "HOME."

A COPY of the HOME MAGAZINE lies open before me, and my mind, which runs to analogies, is struck with the significance of the title, and the captions of its articles as well, many of which are ripe with suggestions relative to substance of which these outer things, after all, are but as shadows. Here I see "Palm Trees;" farther on "An Old Home," "The True Place of Education," "A Garden Overrun With Weeds," "At Last," "A Word Fitly Spoken," "Waiting for the Dawn," "Reaping as we Sow," etc., and in this as well as in other copies of the magazine, I find so many hints about home "decorations" and the art of making beautiful our surroundings, that, having glanced through the columns of decorative mosaic and floral tapestry, the eye seems to have taken in a multitude of forms and colors, and the consciousness is as if one had been wandering through the spacious halls, ample apartments and fragrant gardens, looking upon beauties and inhaling perfumes that have delighted and refreshed the sense, and with all these helpful hints, weary, worn ones must be refreshed and inspired with new effort, to make home the place of beauty, peace and comfort that it should ever be. And this creation of a home consists, not in producing materials out of which to form it, but in developing and bringing together in happy combination and harmonious order and result those materials which may be within our reach, be they simple or luxurious. In either case, just such a home as is suited to the need of the individuals who are to occupy it, is the result.

But, from the "illuminations" and "decorations" of the "beautiful homes" of earth, the mind wanders to the thought of the "many mansions" a wondrous King is beautifying and adorning, not only for His children to dwell in, but for Himself to occupy as well; and the King's dome—the King's house—must be beautified and adorned according to the conception, the pure and exalted thought, and the rich munificence of Him who is to be the occupant, making all glad with His presence.

He chooses an elevation for this palace, and the materials are all brought up from below where many of them have been imbedded beneath the soil of the earthly nature and the rubbish of depraved faculties—gems that might glow in the light, gold that might be refined in the furnace, and rocks that might be made to form a firm foundation for the structure which is to be fashioned not only with a "southern exposure," but also with windows "open toward the east" that the soft light of the morning may sift through the gray gauze of the early dawn, and fall upon the "tender plant" within so softly that it shall be refreshed, not consumed. An opening is also to look out upon the western sky, so that as the gorgeous, flame-colored light of the afternoon sun melts into the rich haze of the soft, purple twilight, a grandeur of result is secured that could be obtained in no other way. And the pearl-cold light of the northern sky is needed, too, so these man-

sions with their "four square walls" have light on every side, but in the windows are hung "transparencies" which read, the one toward the east, "God is Love," toward the south, "God is Light," toward the west, "A crown of glory," toward the north, "An hiding-place from the wind."

The landscape from all sides is charming. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," so a girdle of these rises as a bulwark of defense, giving sense of security, and forming a beautiful background for what falls within nearer view. From the slope on which the palace stands flows a stream of "living water," eastward, and from the "right side of the house," rippling down into the valleys and making them "well-watered plains and fruitful vineyards." On either side of this stream is the "Tree of Life" which brings forth each month in the year the fruit of its season, thus supplying a constant fruitage. Besides this, there is a border of many trees, also fruit-bearing, and the leaves of which "do not wither." The stream sweeps gladness in its course and bears peace on its bosom. "Palm-trees" are there, groves of cedar and fir-trees contribute their meed of verdure. Broad fields with their weight of "full ears of corn," bring the excellency of Carmel to add to the fatness of the land, and a vineyard from Eschol yields rich, rare clusters of grapes. So choice is this vineyard, so delicate the care needed that the King is His own vine-dresser, trusting it to no other hands, "watering it every moment, and, lest any hurt it, keeping it night and day." Birds flit through the branches, the song of the turtle-dove is heard in the land, and the care of the King is so tender and minute that He is mindful even of the sparrows.

Thus is the landscape made gorgeous by mountains and valleys, with "fountains and depths," rivers and groves, vineyards and fields (where we "reap as we sow"), flowers and plains, till it seems a bewilderment of beauty; and to take it all in, one must walk leisurely over it, and enjoy "every place that the sole of his foot shall tread upon." The garden is not "overrun with weeds," but is one of rich, rare delights, and as the north wind "wakes" and the south wind blows, its "spices flow out" and its pleasant fruits are sweet to the taste.

Lilies bloom in the fields, putting to shame the glory of Solomon, and the air is laden with perfume of the "Rose of Sharon." Lawns of turf lie nearer the mansion, and on the green, tender grass multitudes are often made to sit down and enjoy the much green content, while the provident King, with His own tender hands breaks and distributes to them the bread for which they are hungering.

The palace itself is a wonderful structure, a joy even to those who see only its exterior, for its walls shine resplendent with precious stones, and the beams and posts and walls and doors are all overlaid with gold. There are graven cherubim, and ample porches with pillars and carvings. There is not only the "summer parlor," but there are the "inner parlors" as well, the exact counterpart of those of which David gave to Solomon a

pattern. There are beautiful chambers, too, and an "upper chamber overlaid with gold," where one can "lie down in peace and sleep." These apartments are all fashioned and furnished, beautified and adorned according to their various uses. Blue and purple, and crimson and fine-twined linen, with wrought cherubim and fringes are used with lavish hand in the "decorations" and "adornings" and plants of eternal bloom laden the air with fragrance.

In the very innermost is a secret apartment, which can only be entered in company with the King, but once there we are overshadowed by a soft, holy light, and the odor of incense rises like an unceasing vision. And here, shut in with Himself, as we learn wisdom from Him, we find we have come to "The True Place of Education."

Besides these apartments is the "banqueting hall," where, over each guest, the King spreads "a banner of love." And He presides at the feast and the bread of His table is made from the "finest of the wheat," and the meat is such as "the world knoweth not of." The eye wonders as it takes in the richness of the appointments. Even the tables are of gold and are furnished with vessels of gold and silver. Beautiful significance of love and truth! No wonder that from these the wine of joy should be so rich. And in beautiful harmony with all are the habiliments of the inmates—no "sack-cloth and ashes," as badges of woe, no tattered robes—but "garments of praise," in which no tint is lacking to complete the harmony. The King's bride is decked in beautiful robes and jewels, which are His own gift. His daughter is "all glorious within," and her clothing is a wonderful fabric of "wrought gold." Rare patterns of "needle-work" adorn her garments, while those of the son are badges of royalty and priesthood. In the breastplate he wears shine most precious stones. Most wondrous of all is the King, Himself. His delight has been to bless and beautify and gladden all. He has attuned all to harmony. He has scattered with rich profusion and with that loving thought which ever goes out of self to others. And so, self-forgetful, He smiles upon all, Himself wearing robes so simple, yet beautiful, that He seems to have "clothed Himself with light," wrapping it about Him "as a garment."

Wonderful achievement! Beautiful home! A home so adapted to the needs of its inmates that they seem "At Last" to have reached "An Old Home," at whose eastern windows, "Waiting for the Dawn," they may ever be the recipients of new light. And strange! so rich is this King that, for all who will yield to Him the materials in their keeping, co-operating in His design, obeying His instructions, and working according to His plan, He will build such a home—a home of joy, of glory and of beauty eternal.

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

SOMETIMES old and gray, where they have clung to the rocks for years, sometimes fresh and green—these lichens gathered along the wayside of life. I came across some dry, gray ones to-day, with the dust of years upon them, and sat for a long time in imagination upon the rocks where they grew. I had gone to a trunk for some article with which to finish a piece of

work, and lifted the lid of an old treasure-box packed away in a corner, which had not been looked into for a long time. The work dropped down forgotten and busy memories, sweet and sad, came thronging up with each familiar object that met my sight.

The first was a tiny copy of the New Testament—the smallest size printed. It was the first I possessed, of my very own—the gift of her whose gentle teachings and example guided my life through all its early years and sought to lead it in straight and pleasant paths. How precious seemed everything about the little worn volume. The familiar handwriting on the fly-leaf, giving name and date of the time when I was ten years old; the soiled leaves of the first chapters, from much fingering by childish hands when committing verses to memory; the torn corner of one of the covers, where the baby brother, who had gotten hold of it one day, chewed it with his little teeth. I laid it away again, reverently, a treasured memento.

The next thing was a small needle-book, made by the little sister who "went home" early. It was one of her first attempts at work of this kind, and also one of the last pieces of sewing that her small fingers did. The stitches were taken with a neatness and precision surprising in a child so young. We used to sit on the bench under the apple-tree in the dear old garden, doing such work and taking great pleasure in it.

Together with a few of our companions we had formed a grand plan that summer, of making a lot of little fancy articles, and having a fair and selling them, to buy dolls for some poor children we knew of who had none. But the plan fell through, being a greater undertaking than we had any idea of, and the little sister was soon after "called away," and I have always kept the needle-book, with the needle sticking in it just as she left it when finished.

In a roll of tissue-paper beside it was a white kid glove, which, when unfolded, seemed still to bear something of the impress of the beautiful hand which wore it.

"It was the glove *she* wore, so long ago,
Which fitted daintily her hand of snow;
That hand whose clasp it was such bliss to know.

"She was the queen of all our festive mirth,
To win her smile our greatest care was worth,
For never was a sweeter smile on earth."

Yes, she was our queen, looked up to and deferred to as the eldest, and as knowing best how most things ought to be done. The brightest among those around her, as a general thing, both in mind and manner; as she grew older, she was the centre of attraction wherever she went. When she left us it made a void in our lives which nothing could fill. At first another home claimed her and she went to it, a happy wife; but in one short year our Father called her to His everlasting home, and we had to give her up entirely, until our summons shall take us to rejoin her.

Hidden in one corner was a small, white shell, with a date and some initials written on it in pencil. I had not thought of it for so long. What a host of pleasant recollections it recalled now. Those twilight walks on the banks of the grand old father of rivers, with the scent of orange-blossoms on the spring air and the delightful companionship of friends whom I prized. It was there I picked up

this trifle, during our last walk, and we wrote our initials on it—bright, gay Louise and her gentle cousin Ellen and her brother, who had always been so bashful that he could rarely be induced to go into the company of girls. But he overcame his shyness enough to join in these walks with us, whenever he could get away from his business in time.

Louise was the life of the group. She would chatter nonsense and mischief, and tease the quiet ones in every way possible; her brother would say a few words occasionally, but contented himself for the most part with the enjoyment of quietly walking beside us, listening interestedly to all we said, his grave face lighting up with a beautiful smile at anything which particularly pleased him. And sweet Ellen would slip her hand in mine and talk at times more earnestly and seriously than her gay cousin ever thought of doing. Often she would say nothing for a long time, but would look out over the water, watching it with such thoughtful eyes. I felt a deep sympathy for her from the first of our acquaintance. She was an orphan, living with relatives in the big city near by, and supporting herself, although so young, by teaching in the public schools. One of her chief pleasures was to come out on Friday evening to this beautiful place, and enjoy two days of rest and recreation. She was a girl of such fine and deep feelings, and affectionate nature, it seemed hard that her lot must be a lonely one. When I sang the home songs which were so popular then, her dark eyes would grow so wistful, and once she suddenly left the room. I sang no more of them when she was present. Poor girl! She had never known the blessing of a true home since a child.

When the spring closed we all separated to go to our different ways in life, and never met again. Louise and I kept up a little correspondence for a long time, and through her I learned of Ellen's marriage a few years later. For two years she was a happy wife; then her husband was thrown from a buggy while on his way to the wedding of a cousin, and instantly killed. The shock was too much for our poor, little Ellen. Her health being very bad at the time, she could not rally from it, and sunk slowly away in a few weeks.

Louise's brother also married after several years, but she herself, so bright and attractive that I thought she would be one of the first to be carried off from that large household band, has always remained at home with her parents, making it cheerful with her presence and helping to take care of younger brothers and sisters as long as I had any knowledge of her. Our correspondence died out a few years ago, but the memory of our friendship and companionship is as fresh as if it were a thing of recent date.

What next attracted attention was a tiny box with glass lid, containing a slender, worn ring, around which clung precious memories; one strand of a child's coral necklace, and a beautifully-woven bracelet of hair, whose different shades, intermingled, brought up so vividly to mind those for whose sake it was so treasured a keepsake.

The end of a folded slip of paper peeped out from under this box, and drawing it forth, just a date was seen in pencil upon it. I slipped it quickly back again. No need of opening it to see what was therein,

Only three withered violets, gathered the last

time I ever walked in the spring woods, with budding trees around me and April skies overhead. How the dogwood flaunted its white banners on the hillside and the birds sang, and violets and anemones bloomed under foot, and everything seemed to speak of youth and brightness and hope.

I shut the box, and putting it away tried also to shut the book of memory, whose pages, if looked upon too long, bring more of sadness than pleasure.

LICHEN.

"HOME INTERESTS."

No. 2.

WE have sometimes thought that if young men generally realized what a stern, hand-to-hand conflict life proves to many who before marriage did not improve their opportunities for securing a home or means to enter business successfully, less money would be spent unwisely, and that there would be fewer aimless lives and more earnest endeavor.

Nothing surmountable should deter the young man from looking well to his future interests. Circumstances may sometimes render this difficult, even impossible, but one should be very certain that nothing save a stern necessity or a higher duty than that owed to self be allowed to obstruct the way.

However, the ambition of the newly-married to "lay by" a portion of their income, if necessary, for the purchase of a home, is a laudable one. How much wiser to economize for this than to spend everything on dress and costly living, and never have a roof to shelter that can be called one's own.

It is a blessed thing to have a real home, where is peace and happiness and rest, and where the children may be surrounded with such influences that after-life will be fraught with only pleasant memories of childhood.

And it is of the utmost importance to be guided wisely in the choice of a home. As for ourselves, we would choose a quiet country home, in some healthy locality, where fruit abounds, and among kindly, cultured people, near school and church, and not too far removed from town advantages.

Nor is it always necessary to wait for the "home" until the full amount of purchase-money is amassed. We are no friends to *debt*; but we think it advisable and right to purchase land on contract. Success seems more certain thus; for where there are payments to be met, "every nerve will be strained," so to speak, to meet them; whereas, with no immediate loss at stake, and the possibilities of purchase only in the dim future, money that might be devoted to this object will slip away for one thing and another, we scarce know how or when.

Were we to advise those interested in this subject, we would say: if you can find the opportunity, by all means immediately invest your savings in the purchase of a home, that your family may enjoy the advantages of its comforts as you go along. Then determine to promptly meet all payment work, economize in all wise ways, and under God's blessing, with health to aid, you must succeed.

GLADDYS WAYNE.

LEARNING TO LET GO.

THIS is the lesson the spring days brought for us to learn and we have conned it o'er and o'er, sometimes with faltering lips and moistened eye, but always with a brave hope in our hearts, a steadfast looking forward to the new home we are going to make somewhere in the "Great West." We have let go the outward semblance of the home that has been ours so long—the low, brown house among the beautiful hills of Central New York—we have said "good-bye" to the tiny chamber where first our baby's eyes saw the light, and to that other room where, seven years ago, one so dear to us folded her weary hands and went to meet the angels. We have had our last twilight talk in the sunny "sitting-room," where we loved to meet and rest when the day's work was done; we have walked through the orchards and among the vines, across the fields to the silent wood for the last time in many a year, it may be forever. We have let it all go, and only sweet memories are left us now. These are ours unchangeably; the thought gave us a joyous thrill as we crossed the threshold, and went away, feeling that though we go in and out among the dear, familiar scenes no more, though other hands train the clinging vines and gather the beautiful roses, yet the best of the old home goes with us, the soul of it all is ours, and neither time nor change can take it from us. It will go with us as we journey away from the Eastern hills, out to the boundless prairie. The new home we build there shall gather grace and beauty from the spirit of that which is past. The real home is in our hearts and will go with us for all time.

A few more days and we shall have said good-bye to the friends gathered around us here. Then, too, we must let go. I am so glad it can all be in the spring-time! So glad that the sunshine has grown warm and full of life, that the birds are singing all around, the grass starting up green and beautiful, and new life thrilling the gray branches of the elms and maples, making the buds laugh out in tender leaves and flowers. I would not want to say good-bye in the stilly winter when earth, wrapped in snowy sheets, seemed waiting for death, or in the fall when all is rich with the harvest time fullness, but just now, when everything betokens life yet more abundantly, and our hearts are not easily cast down; when Hope looks brightly on and beckons us away so cheerily just now, since it must be at all, I would say good-bye to friends and scenes that have grown so dear. Just now, I would let go that which must be let go in the old life and go bravely on to that yet to come.

Life has so much "let go" in it! Every day we learn to let something go—some dear hope, some cherished plan, something of joy or of sorrow. The sunset never leaves us quite as the sunrise found us. The changes may be but slight, often we are unconscious of any change, yet something that was ours yesterday is gone to-day, something saddens or gladdens our lives to-day of which the yesterday gave no promise, and the morrow holds for us that of which we know not. We cling to the to-day, but it tarries not. With silent footfall, Time bears the hours away and we learn to let go. Happy for us if we let none of the soul-wealth go! Happy, if we keep the purity of

purpose, the steadfastness of will, the uprightness of our way, and let the sunshine of honest endeavor brighten all our days. Some things we cannot keep; there are dear hopes and joys, dear plans and pleasures which will fade out with the yesterdays, but much of the brightness of them all, the real good our tender thoughts and pure purposes have wrought in our own hearts, even though we failed to carry them out as fully as we wished; the bright threads woven amid the gray of everyday life, the precious memories, the play of the sunshine at the south windows (life has so many south windows if we will but open them!), the chirping of the little brown sparrows which never wholly leave us—all these we may carry with us from day to day, from place to place. Yesterday's sunshine may strike through to-day's clouds.

There is this one great comfort in letting our friends go into the beautiful Beyond: in letting them go, we keep them our friends, our very own forever. Friends left here may change and become indifferent to us, but those who go on will not change. The love they gave us here will be ours yet more surely, yet more blessedly, there forever. I thought of it this afternoon as I stood by the window and watched a funeral procession going slowly along. I saw the casket which held the precious "house of clay," from whence the spirit had ascended. A mother gone from her little ones! My eyes filled in pity for them, so sadly bereft, yet I cannot believe the dear tie which bound them to her and her to them is broken. She has let go of life here but to find fuller life elsewhere, and will she not still watch tenderly over her children? Unchanged by the changes the years may bring, unforgettable in her love, she is still "mother." I cannot think she will be too far away to heed their heart-cries, though mortal eyes see her no more forever. She will come to them in silent houses and, though they may not know from whence comes the comfort, the comfort will come just the same. The mother-form they must learn to let go, but the mother-spirit, the sweet influence of her love and gentle teachings, will be theirs always. That which we let go is very dear and precious, but, after all, it need not be, it is not, the best things of life. Much which the sad to-day takes from us, the beautiful to-morrow will give back in richer, fuller measure.

So that we ever "hold to that which is good" in our own hearts, so that we let nothing go which adds to our manhood and womanhood, but keep clean hands and a pure conscience, we can bear all the rest, sad and drear though it may be. The sunshine of the to-morrow shall gladden the to-day; the beautiful life of love and joy in the Hereafter shall lighten the burden of the Here. The good-bye is but for a little time—a little more waiting, more love, an earnest up-building of life and heart, a looking onward and upward, a peaceful letting-go of earth-life, a laying-down of the tired body in unbroken sleep, a glad awakening of the soul where the good-byes are all said, and naught of joy or gladness, naught of peace or beauty, must be let go again forever. Broken buds here, beautiful blossoms there! Sad partings here, glad greetings there! Laying the foundations here, building the perfect structure there! Letting go the "house made with hands" for the dear Lord's "many mansions!" Leaving the cross, wearing the crown!

I love to think of it all, but not with idle dreaming. Ah, no, the crown must be *won* before it is *worn*; won by patient, steady work for the right, wherever found, by love and good-will to all.

Love is the crown-jewel, the key-stone. Having it, we have riches untold and need fear no letting go.

EARNEST.

Evenings with the Poets.

INTAGLIOS.

I BURN my soul away,"
So spake the Rose and smiled; "within my
cup
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day
They drink my sweetness up."
"I sigh my soul away,"
The Lily said; "all night the moonbeams pale
Steal round and round me, whispering in their play
An all too tender tale."
"I give my soul away,"
The Violet said; "the West wind wanders on,
The North wind comes; I know not what they say,
And yet my soul is gone!"
Oh, poet, turn away
Thy fervid soul; fond lover at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian, pray,
And let the world be sweet!

DORA GREENWELL.

STANZAS.

THEY tell me thou art far away,
That all my cries to thee are vain,
That I but rave above thy clay;
Thou canst not hear my voice complain.
That heaven, in mercy to the dead,
This cloudy cope o'er earth hath thrown;
Else were the blessed spirits fed
On sorrows keener than our own.
It may be so, I cast about
For faith; but never find its seeds
In men who dole God's mercies out,
According to their narrow creeds.
No man e'er saw a spirit's wing
Outspread before his mortal eyes;
But is man's sense the only thing
On which his wiser soul relies?
Love's vision is a sense divine:
I trust its truth, when I avow
That, standing face to face with mine,
A spirit fronts my spirit now.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

ON life's toilsome journey
There are wounds to heal,
There are griefs to soften,
There are wrongs to feel;
There are tears to lessen,
Sobs to understand,
Where the lone one walketh—
Lend a helping hand.
See'st thou one in earnest
For his brother's weal,

Though he low has fallen
Where the shadows steal,
Where the winds of winter
Sweep along the land
With a dismal doleur?
Lend a helping hand.
Is thy neighbor's burden
More than he can bear,
Struggling with disaster,
Battling with despair,
Though an honest worker,
With an honest band
Striving in uprightness?
Lend a helping hand.
Is the poor man pining
In his garret old?
Is the widow weeping
Where the walls are cold?
Is the child of talent
Hampered by the brand,
Where distress is crouching?
Lend a helping hand.
Give thy strength to weakness,
Give thy love to grief,
God's reward shall cheer thee
For thy free relief.
If thou would'st be happy
Where thy lot shall stand,
To the feeblest toiler
Lend a helping hand.

A DAY.

SUNRISE fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and
tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare;
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.
Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare;
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed;
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade;
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.
Evening; 'tis chilly in meadow and glade,
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed,
Our wandering is but a long unrest;
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.
Nothing but ashes gray? No blest
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day-long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall;
Ah well!
Let us creep to bed and forget it all.

The Athenaeum.

Lif^g and Character.

THE OLD STORY.

A WOMAN wrote us last spring asking our advice on that old query that has perplexed wise heads, and long heads, too, these many, many years—pocket-money for women. After a pleasant preface, she says:

"I have some trouble, or rather, I have one trouble. When I was a girl I earned my own money, and I always had plenty to spend, and spent it as I pleased. I was married when I was twenty-six years old, and since then I have not had five dollars to spend just as I wanted to. Edward, my husband, is very good to get the necessities, but you know there are many times when one would like a few cents, and I, for one, cannot ask for every penny—I won't. I'll go without, first. Some women will ask, coax, demand; but I would hate myself for doing such a thing.

"My husband does not chew, smoke, drink, gamble, nor spend any money foolishly, and he never spends a cent for a treat unless we share it with him. Often, if I had my own purse, I would, on the children's birthdays, or his, or on a holiday, contrive a surprise for them, and we would all enjoy it. I don't know, but it seems to me I could make home happier in many ways.

"I never ask for money until there are so many positive necessities needed that the five or ten he gives me, must be spent for them. I ought not to complain this year, for money is very scarce with my husband. He is a small farmer, and crops were so poor that he has nothing to sell. Oh, I would be so much happier if I only had an allowance—why, even one dollar a week would go a great way toward buying comfort and happiness!

"If you never had to ask for a nickel, you know nothing about the humiliation it brings. I wish I could only earn something in some way. I would take in washings, or go out to clean house, or make garden, or sew, but I have all I can do at home. I have four little children, the eldest twelve years old, and the youngest ten months, and one of them has to walk on crutches and takes her lessons at home. I find time to teach her and to give a lesson in penmanship to the older ones every evening. They are bright children and learn readily.

"Now, if you think I ought not to complain, say so and give me a good scolding; but, dear woman, if there is any way that you can think of for me to earn a little pocket-money for myself, just say so.

"It seems to me I would be so much happier if things were different in that respect. Now, don't think that my husband is bad, or cross. He is very kind. He will get up at the hour of midnight to go for the doctor if any of us are sick. He works hard, rises early, and improves every moment. He cannot see anything wrong in me coming to him and asking for money when I need it, but the poor fellow does not even think that women ever need money for themselves. He sees no propriety in his wife buying a bit of lace, or velvet, or ribbon. So I deny myself these little things, and I feel miserable and mean, and have a heartache all the time. I cannot ask or coax for

money. It belittles me. It humiliates my womanhood. My sister, Emeline, will coax her husband for money and hang on and beg until he gives it to her—sometimes when he really cannot afford it, too. I would hate myself if I were like her, but I would so enjoy the independent feeling that money gave me in my school-ma'am days. Oh, I walked like a princess, then, and enjoyed wearing the clothes that I bought with my own money! If I had an allowance, that feeling would all come back to me, the same as if I had earned the money teaching, for what faithful wife and mother is there who does not earn every penny she receives?

"Well, I have worried you, I fear. Answer me at your leisure. Give my love to the deacon and the two girls, and accept lots for yourself from

"AUGUSTA L. WAITE."

We hardly know what to say to this letter. We are like the juryman who said, "Fact, gentlemen, I'm on both sides!" In the long ago we thought every woman should have an allowance, that it was her just right and privilege, but since our acquaintance has extended over miles and miles of women, we have modified our ideas somewhat. Some women, if granted an allowance, would be greater fools than they now are, while others would make rich, well-to-do men of their husbands if they had a hand on the purse-strings and a voice in "this is the way the money goes."

This question must really be settled between husbands and wives themselves. If a man has a good, prudent, economical wife he ought to know it; he ought to appreciate her worth, and between you and me, gentle Augusta, that man ought to make his excellent wife his equal partner; he ought to confer with her in everything and trust a good deal to her judgment and her fine perceptions. That would be a compliment, an honor, a mutual pleasure. We spent a summer in one home where the family purse was kept in the till of the chest. All the money went into it; the wife's butter, and egg and chicken money; the children's berry, and bird, and chestnut and errand money; the father's horse, and cow, and calf and produce money, and it belonged to all of them. They could all be trusted, and it seemed to us that they dealt more sparingly and carefully than if each had a separate purse. Yet we would not have desired a share in the nice little bank. That was too much on the goody plan to suit a thoroughly independent nature. The father of this family, a tall, handsome man, past middle age, says to-day, "Whatever I have acquired, I owe under God to the good common sense, the unselfishness and the wise frugality of my most thoughtful partner, my wife."

We looked at the fair-faced matron, over whose smooth brow a flush swept, and we thought of the good woman in Proverbs, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and he shall have no need of spoil."

It is a pity for women who have stingy husbands and no way of earning their own money, or receiving some of the money they earn every day that they live and labor. Habit makes it a very easy mat-

ter to know what sum is needed for one's personal expenses. Wives receive applications for charity as well as their husbands, and many a woman's heart aches because she must appear stingy when it is not her own fault.

We know wives do their own work in order to obtain the wages—for their own expenditures—which would go to a girl. In cases of this kind the wives are taking from another class the labor which it needs and should have. Sometimes wives are driven into straits when they need money, and hate to ask for it. We recall an instance.

A lady was visiting a friend who lived in magnificent style; the two sat beside the fire until twelve o'clock, at which time the master of the house was expected to be sleeping soundly. "I am going to steal some money," said the wife, with a smile. "I am waiting for Tom to get fast asleep, first."

The next morning she came down with exultant smiles, holding up her hand clutching the crisp bills, and said:

"Look! I got thirty dollars out of his pocket!"

"Oh, won't he scold you?" asked the lady, amazed at this unheard-of performance.

"Oh, no, he hardly ever says anything about it!"

Now this woman hated to ask for money even worse than the lady who wrote to us, but her way of obtaining it was dishonest and in any case unjustifiable.

An intelligent woman, who "had seen better days," grand days in the time of her petted and over-indulged girlhood, told us once, while we were stopping at her boarding-house, that she never could "fix her face" to ask her husband for pocket-money. But he was a man who used intoxicating liquors to excess, and through his weakness ran a comfortable flow of ready money right into her own pocket. And this was how it came about. She said when he was drunk he was so foolishly lavish with money that he would sow it by the handful in the yard and in the house. She gleaned after him when he was asleep, and if there was money in his pocket when he was in this maudlin condition, that was hers. He supposed he had spent it, and was very reticent on the subject.

Two lovely girls of our acquaintance used to say: "It wouldn't be many nice dresses we'd get, if father didn't take a spree, occasionally. He is the dearest, kindest papa, when he is drunk: he buys such beautiful dresses for us, then." Poor girls! they said it with shamed faces; they would rather have worn five-cent calicoes all their lives, than paid this price for their pretty silks and cashmeres.

Every husband should let his wife know the state of his finances; if she is a sensible woman, he will never find her unreasonable in her demands. The world is full of foolish men, as well as foolish women, but if a man chance to have a foolish wife she will certainly grow no wiser by being kept in the dark in regard to his income. If a woman demands a larger allowance than a man can actually afford, he must cut her down to such a sum as he can spare. If she will run up large bills where she is in the habit of trading, let him tell the merchant at the beginning of the year that his account must not run over a stated sum without his knowledge. When there cannot be a pleasant and amicable way of enforcing

compliance to fair propositions, there must be an unpleasant one. And in demanding the simplest justice for our own sex, we would not overturn our work by being unmindful of the devotion and generosity with which American men devote themselves to their families.

We have seen their cheeks pale under cruel cares that a wife might have averted, and probably would, had they been in their husband's confidence and known the state of their business affairs.

Men are not all discreet and observant, nor half so wise as they deem themselves. How many men will select presents for their wives and daughters which are accepted with feigned pleasure, only. How much better to have given them the money instead, and granted them the privilege of expending it as they preferred.

"I always thought you would look well in a plain pink dress," said a gentleman to his wife lately, as he unrolled an exquisite pattern of some kind of bright rose pink dress goods.

She had a very expressive mouth, that tall, straight wife of his, and she smiled vehemently to make her face stay in place until he left the room. That tall, middle-aged woman, full five feet nine, in rose pink! And the sorry part of the incident is, that she cannot bear to ask him for money—it humiliates, pains, angers her. And in a little close room up-stairs, a room with shelves and rows of pegs, so out of the way that none ever enter in it, she sits a part of every day binding shoes. Her husband is in good circumstances: he idolizes her; he gives her good gifts, and gifts that please the eye, but are of no practical use or value to her.

She said to her friend, "John don't know it; he could not stand it if he did. I must have a little spending money for church, and missions, and for gifts, and for a dozen little things that men don't dream of. I enjoy it."

Then as they went down-stairs, the wife drew her into a room adjoining the parlor, and showed her an ebony writing-desk, inlaid with pearl, the gift of her husband on her last birthday. "I hate to write, and I never need anything more than postal cards and a pencil," she said, "but dear John, he is so good." Then she opened a drawer and showed her an opera glass and a pair of gold bracelets, latest style, that he had bought her on the anniversary of their marriage.

We promised never to tell, and if Martha Washington Bates reads this, she will know that the favored woman was that Mrs. Bates who lives some place else.

Another woman's husband bought his wife a gold watch which glitters over her awkwardly made cotton cashmere just as brightly as it would gleam over the best of Cheyney's American silk. A good flannel skirt would have been a treat that she has not had since her name merged into his. And she is heartily tired of the hat that serves for summer and winter both, the metamorphose consisting in a change of trimming and the frequent application of milliner's glue, put on by her own skillful maneuvering.

Some women when they ask for money, and do not receive it, cry. Others pout. Some have a fit of the sulks that lasts for days. One of the latter on such provocation, had sulked five days, and had not spoken to her husband. He was

stricken down with congestion of the lungs, but not deemed seriously ill, and thinking this, his wife held fast her fit of stubborn sulks. Suddenly he was taken very bad, and died, and there was no word of reconciliation between them. Death bridged the yawning chasm.

How can wives earn a little pocket-money? The better way is to talk the matter over calmly with the husband and settle the difficulty in a fair, honest, satisfactory manner. If he is a manly man, and can possibly afford it, he will give her an allowance for herself and the children. If they live on a farm, she can raise a calf or two; or a pig or two for the fall and the spring market. This brings in a handsome bit of money. Hens, if well cared for are profitable, but a woman must use judgment in the housing, feed, drink, cleanliness, and see that they have egg-producing food, and other requisites.

A woman who is a good financier can make money keeping boarders, or, if she lives in town can board a club. Selling milk brings in a little cash if managed rightly on the basis of selling the milk tickets beforehand.

If one has pretty hair and saves the combings, they are salable, either made up properly, or not made. It is surprising how fast combings will accumulate. A switch can be made for one dollar and will sell for four or five. Rare shades command better prices. With a little care and trouble, good cider vinegar can be made anywhere that fruit grows, and will sell readily for a shilling a gallon by the barrel. Butter is a good price, especially in the early spring. Good, honest butter, well-made in the fall and put down in jars or

crocks and covered with dry salt, and saltpetre, finds ready sale when butter has come up to high figures.

Some women succeed as agents. A corset-vendor, one of the smooth-tongued kind, can go into a new neighborhood or an out-of-the-way village and make money so fast that her head will spin with dizziness. One took over sixty orders last week in a village near here. Beautiful little chromos about 5x9 inches in size can be bought for two cents apiece and sold for as much as the conscience will allow one to ask. They are really very pretty and cheap. There are a great many pleasant ways of making a little pocket-money, and the exercise and interest gives one a glow of pleasure and is conducive to good health.

We do not believe that women in general are extravagant, that they rush into stores and buy whatever dazzles and attracts. Women know how to foot old stockings, darn table linen, dye old dresses, turn the thin part of sheets to the outer edges, make dresses over for the little ones, and make new and beautiful neck garniture out of worn out things.

We wish there were no women cramped by adverse circumstances; we wish that all their generous aspirations could be gratified and their lives rounded out into perfect fullness and fruition. We do wish it.

In the lives of many women we believe "the best is left out." A noble heart, a generous disposition, a nature responsive to beauty and goodness are starved for the need of money!

PIPSEY POTTS.

Art at Home.

INEXPENSIVE RESTORATIONS AND DECORATIONS.*

How to Treat Decrepit Furniture Antiquities—Eb-onizing vs. Gilding for Old Mirror Frames—Given a Bedspread and an "Old China" Closet, out of which to Evolve a Parlor Ornament—Shades—Curtains—Mantel Valances.

In many houses in town and country there are pieces of originally good furniture whose seemingly hopeless condition will relegate them, if not rescued by some "cunning" hand, to the ignominy of the second-hand shop or the wood pile. Most, if not all of them, can be restored by feminine hands, at small expense, if not to their ancient, at least to a new beauty and fresh service.

If, for example, there is in her store-room or garret an old mahogany easy chair, or arm-chair, which is prized for associations, but unpresentable, its frame scratched and battered, its covering moth-eaten or tattered, and its springs broken, it can, with the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, be made over again like new. For a country library or a city one, for re-covering, a stout cotton fabric is to be recommended. This material comes striped and damasked in self colors, dark maroon, or dark green, to be fastened

down by gilt-head nails over gimp of the same color as covering. The gilt-head nails come with pretty geometrical figures stamped on them, and are inexpensive; therefore it is advisable to get a good supply if there are several pieces to be made over. For a sitting-room a livelier color can be selected, say a soft gray or dull antique blue, as they are good colors for summer use, and take linen embroidered band or border decorations well. Cretonnes in low tones of color are also pretty for country house upholstering. As a first step, measure for material, allowing for turnings in; then shave some yellow beeswax very thin, and lay it to soak in turpentine. It will take twenty-four hours to dissolve, or, if in haste, place the beeswax over the fire in a clean vessel, and when it is melted remove and add spirits of turpentine, and stir up thoroughly till like a thick pomade; when cold it is ready to apply. The old coverings should be torn off after the manner in which they have been put on has been carefully studied. All the stuffing of tow and curled hair should be cleaned out, saving the latter for picking over. The frame is then to be washed with warm pearlash water, and the good and the broken springs should be examined, and a note made of how the perfect ones are fastened. In nine cases out of ten it will be found that the broken ones are only started from their gearings, and need tying

*Art-Interchange.

down with strong twine, interlacing and tying one spring to the next, and so down to the bottom ring. The frame should be rubbed with very fine sand-paper, until a good smooth surface, free from scratched varnish, is obtained. Next, the seat and back are stuffed afresh with new tow—it comes at five cents per pound. The stuffing, packed well, is brought to a level with top of springs, then covered thickly with the picked-over horse-hair, so the springs will not work up and wear the covering. Over this is tacked bed-ticking of good quality, as a foundation. Next the frame is polished by being rubbed thoroughly with the turpentine and wax, using a fine woolen cloth until a good gloss is obtained; the final rubbing with a piece of chamois can be done at the very last, after upholstering. The final covering should not be fastened down in sections by means of buttons—the depressions only catch dust and the buttons tear the clothing—but decorated with hand-embroidery. The material is cut in shape, a good margin to turn under being allowed, and then tacked down with ordinary tacks at wide intervals. Over the edge the furniture gimp is laid and tacked down with the gilt-headed nails, which stud the gimp at regular intervals, say one inch apart. For decoration a strip of crewel embroidery can be laid on linen down the back, and a small fringed valance across the front of the chair, showing similarly designed embroidery and heavy linen fringe. The valance may be tacked across with the gilt-head tacks on gimp. In regard to ordinary chairs the same treatment may be pursued, only the linen strips are to be used in different ways, and different designs should also be employed. Some can be placed as borders, others diagonally across the seat, and others as a valance to the front; with back cross rails, as in old rush bottom chairs, pretty linen upholstering may be done. If the chair is badly defaced, and the rushes or cane seat broken, heavy bed-ticking can be tacked across taut, doubling for strength, the loose rushes or cane having first been tied up or darned with twine. A good, thick, flat cushion, mattress fashion, that is, with side pieces between top and bottom, should be made, and stuffed with curled hair and covered with the pretty striped and damasked linens that come in two colors with figures, gray and crimson, or gray and blue. The frame is to be painted in black and varnished with coach varnish or in deep Indian red, and varnished with copal, after which striped around the legs with gold paint. A linen cover for the cushion should now be made, omitting the bottom piece and making side and back pieces long enough to turn in for tacking, and front long enough to hang for short fringed valance. Gilt-head tacks should be used to stud and fasten down colored gimp over edges and across front of valances, and small, fringed valances hung from the cross-rails of the chair-backs. Beveled fringes, with knotted heading—one row knotting, and made rather heavy—should be added.

Old mirror frames, especially the broad, flat ones, whose gilding is very badly tarnished, may be re-gilded by an amateur, but it will be easier and in better taste to ebonize, first washing the frame thoroughly with warm soda water and drying well. Ebonizing liquids come ready made, to be applied by a brush; on the ebonized surface a delicate gold ornament may be afterwards traced,

or, easier still, a narrow gilt beading may be set in next the mirror. Divide the mirror, if a long one, say the length of the mantel, into three unequal parts by gilt and ebony beading, and the result will be a pretty mantel mirror to stand crosswise. Plain, common, wooden frames, very smooth ones, may be stained a beautiful cinnabar color by rubbing in fine paint of that color with woolen cloths and then continuing the rubbing with clean cloths and chamois for a dull polish; with a touch of gold these are more beautiful than the stuccoed gilt frames.

In many country houses the "best china" is kept in parlor closets, which are not a decorative addition to the room, but may be made so by very simple means. Remove the door and hang a portière across by rings on a walnut or other pole. An inexpensive and very handsome one may be made of one of the small, woven bed-spreads, colored first to a creamy tint by washing through coffee. Select a pretty, French crêtonne with soft colors in its design and ground. Make of this a bordering one-third or less of the proposed full length of the portière, which must not touch the floor; herringbone it to the creamy spread (or portière now), which will line the crêtonne at the back, and carry up sprays of the flower design of the crêtonne, cut away from the ground, applying them to the ground by couching in crewels or silks of their own colors; embroider over slender stems and stamens, covering them with the silk or crewel. Carry up other shorter sprays; for some, embroider stems, and even leaves in dull greens, gradually coming down to merely tips of leaves showing above the crêtonne itself.

Beautiful window shades may be made of gray or buff linen by decorating with two or four borders of drawn-work in wheel and star-work, done in colors, with a vine in etching stitch, or a set decoration in cross-stitch, or a satin-stitch embroidery of flowers between them, and edge of self fringe. A pretty window shade may also be of cream muslin, with insertions and edge of antique face, or of Swiss net over colored silesia. Gray holland, with hand-painted decorations of flowers carried across and in graceful sprays up one side of the shade, are pretty for a city house to keep out the summer glare.

Inexpensive and charming are the pale lemon or amber-colored Madras muslins with borders, which may be outlined by hand in silks for curtains. Congress cloth, a creamy web of diaphanous texture, is also inexpensive, and takes embroidery beautifully on its thin canvas spaces between stripes of open work; a rhythmic ornament of running vine, with leaf and crimson flower, or pale blue blossom and edging of cream lace, is suitable. Plain congress cloth, which shows only the thin canvas texture, will look lovely with a powdering of bold flowers simply in outline in silk, for curtain or portière.

Mantel valances for summer are prettily made of soft gray linens, with a rhythmic outline embroidery between rows of drawn-work; finish by self-fringes. For a bed-room, Swiss net over silesia and white ball fringes are very cool-looking and pretty. Darned work on pongee furnishes a lovely chair-back, or tidy, or table-cover; it may also be applied to other grounds, but shows to best effect for a curtain or portière, where movement shows the sheen and play of color.

Fancy Needlework.

BABY'S SOCKS.

THESE pretty socks appear like a little pair of boots, or more properly like tiny slippers disclosing fancy, open-worked stockings. They may be knit of white Saxony, or other fine yarn, with a narrow border of pink, blue or buff along the top. If preferred, the whole slipper-part may be of the same color as the border, the stocking-part, white. Quite recently the fancy has been for socks of colored wool, red, blue, etc., without any white, but some ladies object to them as harder to knit, and not so desirable when finished. Still, this is a matter of opinion.

About an ounce of wool will be required for a pair of socks. Use four No. 17 needles. Two of these are to knit with, the other two merely to hold the stitches when dividing off, as will be seen, to form the foot.

Cast on fifty-four stitches.

Knit five or six rows plain, of any bright color desired, and knit the first fancy row as follows:

Knit one plain, throw thread over needle, knit one plain, throw thread over needle, knit one plain; take one off without knitting, knit two together, slip the former stitch over the latter, as though binding off. (A process technically known as "slip and bind.") Repeat from beginning until the end of row. The last three stitches will be: take one off, knit two together, slip the former stitch over the latter. At the conclusion of this row, make an extra stitch upon the needle.

2d Row.—Return by purling every stitch, taking care to throw the thread over the needle.

3d Row.—Like the first, only knit two stitches together at the beginning, instead of one plain.

Every following row, on the right side, is like the 3d. Every row on the wrong side, is simply purled. This statement is true for the leg of the sock.

Continue as above for about twenty-four rows, or until you have the little leg as long as you want it.

The whole effect of this part of the work, is, nine double rows of holes resembling herring-bone, alternating with nine solid, semi-plain ribs. A plain border of stitches at the right-hand edge properly belongs to the ridge on the left, being joined to it when the sock is sewed up in the back. The work pulls naturally into a row of scallops along the top, the solid parts coming to the point, the holes to the depression. Any one carefully following these directions will need no illustration. The object of adding a stitch to the left of every row on the right side of the work, and knitting two together at the beginning of the next, is to keep the ribs on the edges even. Purling every alternate row serves to form a distinct right and wrong side.

To KNIT THE FOOT.—Having finished the leg, knit a row as usual, for eighteen stitches, and leave the needle in the work. Take another

needle, knit the next eighteen stitches and leave the needle in them, also, the thread hanging at the end of this second group of eighteen. Allow the third needle to remain as it is, in the third eighteen stitches. The needles holding the groups in the sides are to remain while the middle eighteen is lengthened, to form the top of the foot representing the stocking in the slipper.

Take a fourth needle, turn the work and purl the middle eighteen stitches on the under side.

Then continue the holes and ribs, knitting on the right side as in the leg, so that the stocking is extended naturally, in order. *Literally*, every row on the right side is as follows:

Knit two together, throw thread over, knit one plain, throw thread over, knit one plain; take one off without knitting, knit two together, slip former stitch over latter; knit one plain, throw thread over, knit one plain, throw thread over, knit one plain, take one off, knit two together, slip as before; knit one plain, throw thread over, knit one plain, throw thread over, knit one plain; take one off; knit one plain, slip former over latter.

Every row on the wrong side, or every alternate row is to be purled.

Continue so for twenty rows, then bind off.

To finish the foot by knitting the slipper part, take the needle left on the right-hand side of the sock, holding the first eighteen stitches, and pick up on the same needles, twelve stitches along the right-hand edge of the narrow strip just completed. Turn the wrong side of the sock toward you, tie the thread near the corner of the stocking-strip, and cast upon the identical needle twelve stitches, so that there will be upon the same needle forty-two stitches, viz.: the original eighteen, twelve picked up along the side of the strip, and twelve new ones.

Knit every row thereafter, back and forth plain, the only difference being in narrowing.

Knit five rows (counting on the right side) plain, without narrowing. In every succeeding row (on the right side) knit together the fifth and sixth stitches from the right hand, and the seventh and eighth from the left, so that the narrowing will come four stitches from the heel, six from the toe. Of course, every alternate row, or the one on the wrong side, is plain. So proceed on until you have twenty-two stitches on your needles, then bind off.

Next take a needle and pick up twelve stitches upon the edge projecting beyond the narrow strip forming the stocking part, that is, the edge made by casting on the extra twelve stitches.

Tie the thread fast, and begin knitting so that the wrong side of the sock will be toward you. Widen by adding one stitch to the end of every alternate row, that is, to the end furthest from the stocking part. Continue so until you have twenty stitches on the needle.

Then begin to narrow by knitting two stitches together at the beginning of every alternate row. Observe that you widen on the rows that really help to form the wrong side of the sock, and nar-



FIG. 1.—DRAWN THREAD AND EMBROIDERY.

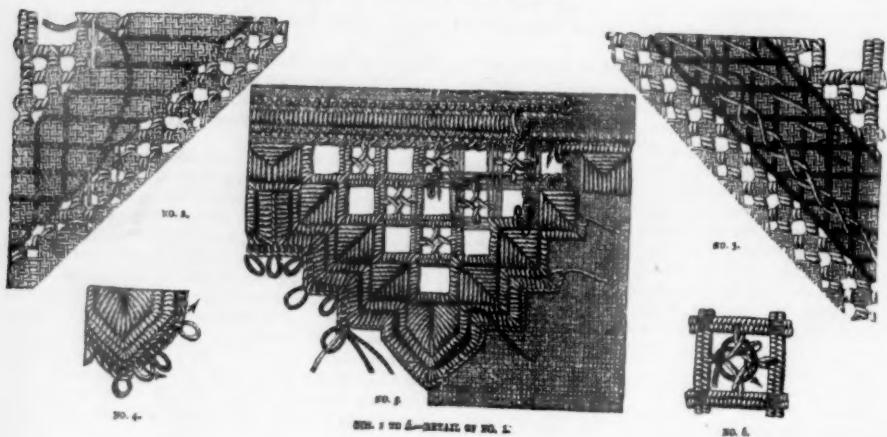


FIG. 2 TO 5.—DETAIL OF FIG. 1.

row on those that form the right. Of course, knit a plain row between every two rows widened or narrowed. Continue narrowing until you have twelve stitches on the needle.

This widening and narrowing forms a toe-piece, having a straight edge upon the side next the stocking part, and going out into a point upon the other.

Having twelve stitches upon the needle, take the same needle and pick up twelve stitches along the other side of the narrow strip forming the stocking part. After knitting them, knit up also the original eighteen stitches remaining upon the needle, since before continuing the middle strip. Now you have upon one needle forty-two stitches, the foundation for the left side of the slipper.

Finish this like the right side, except that you narrow six stitches from the right hand, four from the left, instead of four from the right and six from the left. It, however, amounts to exactly the same, as the work is reversed—narrow four stitches from the heel, six from the toe, or knit together the fifth and sixth from one end, the seventh and eighth from the other.

Having bound off, the sock appears spread out ready for finishing. There will be one seam down the back, one along the middle of the sole, one across the top of the foot, and two diagonally under the toes, where the point in front is turned back to meet the middle seam underneath.

Sew all the seams together on the wrong side. Turn the sock, wet it and pull it over a sock-block to dry, otherwise it will not be a pretty shape. In arranging it upon the block, pull up every scallop at the top and fasten it with a pin. When dry, finish by running in around the ankle a cord with tassels, or a piece of narrow ribbon of the same shade as the border.

To make a completed pair of socks present a pretty appearance when standing, fill the feet with cotton. Then make a cylinder of paper of the same shade as the border, fix it in the little leg and fill the space inside with white cotton like that already in the toes and heels.

M. B. H.

DOILY: DRAWN THREADS AND EMBROIDERY.

THE doily is of unbleached Irish linen. The quality must correspond with the plain border on which the Maltese crosses are worked. Brown and gold embroidery silks are employed for the work. The detail of all the stitches will be found in Nos. 2 to 6. These are shown in greatly increased size, in order to make the mode of working perfectly clear. Very sharp embroidery scissors are used to cut away the small portion of linen in the open square. The doily is best begun in the middle with the four open squares, which are filled in with ordinary twisted bars, and are edged with interlacing as shown in No. 6. Eight squares exactly like No. 6 surround these squares, and beyond these are the open squares, which are edged with buttonhole-stitch in gold silk, and an outline of brown silk is worked above the buttonhole. The open border shown at the lower corner of No. 2 is next worked in gold silk; then the Maltese crosses, which are alternately gold and brown, worked in satin-stitch with pierced centres sewn over. A repetition of the open border like that surrounding the centre square is next worked. We omitted to mention that it is not needful to draw threads for this pattern, but merely to put them aside and sew them over with the gold silk (see No. 2). The work crossing the corners at angles is clearly shown in Nos. 2 and 3. The arrangement of the two colors will be found in these, as well as the mode of working. The outer border is the only remaining part which differs in the mode of working. All the stitches used in the border will be found in Nos. 4 and 5. The arrows indicate the needle. Sewing over, interlacing, hem-stitch, buttonhole, long-stitch, and the mode of forming the picots are all so clearly shown that it will be found far more easy to copy than to work them from any description. It will be observed that a double line of silk is brought along the edge under the second line of buttonhole, one of which is pulled up to form the picots. The edge of superfluous linen is cut away previous to working the brown picots.

Housekeepers' Department.

AMMONIA IN BAKING POWDERS. ITS IMPORTANCE AS A CULINARY AGENT.

THE recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvelous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relations to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, having discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat, and beat time itself, by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of human kind, are

naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

Among the recent discoveries in this direction, none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and

cream of tartar when used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking, the leavening gas that rises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no residuum whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuits, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined of course with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.—*Scientific American.*

RECIPES.

MOLASSES DROP-CAKE.—One cup of molasses, half a cup of butter or lard, half a cup of water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda. Beat well together, and drop with a spoon on to a buttered pan or in muffin-rings. Bake quickly.

STEAK AND OYSTERS.—Take one pound best rump-steak, without any fat; put into an oval dish a dozen and a half of cooking oysters—taking care to remove the hard part and beard—with the liquor from the oysters to cover them; put the steak on them; cover the top of the steak with two onions cut in the thinnest possible manner; put another dish inverted over the steak, and then put a paste round the edge of both dishes; put this into a gentle oven for an hour; reverse the dishes for five minutes, then take off the dish which was originally at the top and serve.

ECONOMY PUDDING.—Half-pound rice, one pint of milk, half-pound of sugar, some preserve. Boil the rice in water till nearly soft, then add the milk and boil again, stirring it all the time; add sugar. Dip blanc-mange mould in water, fill with rice; when hard, turn on to a flat dish. Eat with preserve of any kind, sugar and cream, or custard. This is simple, and very attractive to children.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

GAY dresses at watering-places seem to be the rule. In our last, we spoke of elaborate China crapes, combined with silk, or made up alone, and trimmed with lace, flowers, ribbons, etc. This style of costume divides favor with white gauze, barege, Spanish lace, plain and embroidered nun's-veiling, and dotted mull. All handsome white dresses are very much tucked, Shirred and otherwise elaborately made, and trimmed with a profusion of lace. Many of these are brightened with bows of ribbon or velvet, of one or two bright colors. Light grenadines are an old fashion revived. Many of them show a brocaded satin figure, of pale green, violet or buff, upon a violet ground. These are worn with a parasol of the same material, and a large or small hat encircled with a scarf of the same shade as the figure. All sorts of fancies prevail in the styles of making-up. Some dresses have round waists, broad sashes and plaited skirts; others, basques with colored vest fronts and cuffs, voluminous draperies and trimmed skirts. Skirts, however, whether decorated little or much, are all short. The favorite overskirt still seems to be the short, round panier. The backs of many skirts are quite bouffant, and bustles are generally worn. Sometimes the effect of one is given by a plaited piece of crinoline laid under the back breadths.

Black and striped grenadines are always fash-

ionable. They are usually trimmed with a profusion of black lace, Spanish being preferred. Sometimes the lace trimmings are combined with jet or loops and bows of ribbon, black or colored. To a small extent, black grenadine is made up over colored silk, but a black foundation is more desirable, being less conspicuous. Such a dress may be made up in a long polonaise, or a gathered waist with short panier.

A new model for a bathing suit has the blouse and drawers made in one piece, with a short skirt to button on at the waist. Another style has a shirred yoke set in, like the Mother Hubbard dresses and cloaks for children. The shirred yoke is also seen in a bathing-cloak intended to be worn when leaving the water. Bathing-cloaks are made of serge, waterproof or Turkish toweling. Pretty morning hats are made of shirred muslin, the crown and brim shaped over fine canes. They are in all shades, white, pink, green, buff, etc. Some are of ecru tinte, with red or blue polka dots.

Any young lady may make a hat to wear with any costume, by twisting up a piece of the dress material into a turban, and fastening the ends with a silver pin.

Dreasy house-sacques are of colored foulard silk, trimmed with a profusion of inexpensive lace, or Hamburg embroidery.

Parasols are very gay, being resplendent in bright-colored stripes, bunches of flowers, etc. All are of a large, sensible size. But many are very plain. A parasol-frame may be covered with any material, to match any dress.

New Publications.

FROM KOCHENDOERFER & URIE, 200 BROAD WAY, NEW YORK.

Villa Bohemia, by Marie Le Baron. Without being overstrained or unnatural, this is a mirth-provoking book from beginning to end. Four girls, with an old aunt for chaperone, and a colored woman for maid-of-all-work, take a tumble-down country-house for the summer, and "go in" for a good time. Among their delightful whims and frolics is the determination to put up the sign "No man permitted on these premises under penalty of the law."

To follow their adventures, and discover how the venturesome men *did* succeed in gaining access to the premises, will form a pleasant occupation for a summer day. After many smiles and few tears, some effective "touches of nature," and some mild philosophy, the experiment ends well and happily. Price, 50 cents.

FROM WHITE & STOKES.

Summer Gleanings, by Rose Porter. This unique book is all that it promised to be. Or rather, it is a skeleton of a book, to be completed as its owner desires, and will be more or less entertaining and instructive at the end of the season, according to the degree of his or her industry, taste and study. The volume combines in one, a book of quotations, a diary, an herbarium, and a sketch-book. At the top of each page is a poeti-

cal quotation, beneath it a marked space for jottings, and the remainder of the page is divided into two equal spaces, one for a pencil sketch, the other for a pressed flower. A book like this would form an appropriate companion for a young lady in her summer rambles and travels, enabling her readily to keep an interesting record of her seeings and doings. At the end of the summer it might form an appropriate present for a friend who cared especially for an account of her little experiences; or might in after years, prove valuable as a book of reference. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, cloth, \$1.75, linen or morocco, \$3.50. It is proper to add that the volume is very prettily bound, so as to form an ornament to any table.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Alcohol and Science; or, Alcohol, What It Is and What it Does, by William Hargreaves, M. D., author of "Our Wasted Resources," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 366. Price, \$1.50.

Prohibition Does Prohibit; or, Prohibition Not a Failure, by J. N. Stearns. New edition, revised and enlarged. New York: National Temperance Publishing House. pp. 96. Price, 10 cents.

Notes and Comments.

Children's Country Week.

WE have before us the Fifth Annual Report of the Children's Country Week Association. As many of our readers are already aware the object of this society is to send poor children, also invalid women, to the country for at least one week, giving those who need them most, the benefits of fresh air and pleasant surroundings. Year by year the work increases in interest and usefulness:

In 1881, there were sent to the country 1,909 persons on an average visit of nine days, not including several who remained all summer; and about 5,000 were sent on day-excursions. Of those who went to the country, 12 found permanent homes, 266 were women, of whom 43 had babies in arms, 606 were boys, and 1,021 were girls. The average cost of the excursions was 20 cents a person, and the average cost a week of the visits to the country was \$2.20 a person. The small increase in the average cost over that of the preceding year is owing principally to the fact that the invitations, of which there were 255, did not increase, while the number of children sent to boarding-houses increased over fifty per cent.

This year the society especially desires to increase

the number of invitations. Experience teaches that personal appeals are effective; it is therefore suggested that friends of this work in the country take to their homes one or more children for a few days, and urge their neighbors to do the same.

Invited children are necessarily taken more into the family life than those sent to boarding-houses, however excellent these may be. The best children are selected to fill invitations, and the ladies in charge seldom hear of their giving trouble or requiring much attention. Two are generally said to be less troublesome than one. In most cases they are re-invited from summer to summer; and many letters received from entertainers bear testimony that these little recipients of hospitality are not the only persons made wiser and better by these visits.

Invitations should be sent at least ten days before the children are expected, and should state whether boys or girls are preferred, and of what ages. The children are sent and returned free of expense to entertainers, and are always provided with clean clothing sufficient for at least a week's visit. Boys and girls are not sent together, except where brothers and sisters cannot be separated.

We here copy from the by-laws of the Association, the rule setting forth the duties of Ward Committees.

"The Ward Committee shall see: that all persons sent to the country are first examined by a physician, and by him pronounced to be free from contagious disease; that no one is sent who is not known by actual investigation to be of good character and of inoffensive manners, and who is not as clean and neat as possible; that every child is provided with a card, to be securely and conspicuously attached to the child if small, having on one side the name and address of the child, and on the other the name, address and railroad station of the person to whom it is sent; that every child who is not to return in charge of an escort is provided with a return ticket; that every child, or even of every family, is provided with a properly-addressed postal card, and is instructed to write home as soon as the destination is reached; that every child, or one of every party of children going to the same place, is provided with a properly-addressed postal card, and is instructed to immediately announce to the Association, its or the party's arrival at the destination; and that all children sent out by them are met at the railroad stations on their return to the city, and sent to their respective homes. They shall report to the office the time of the departure and return of all children sent on invitation; and such facts in reference to the visits as it may seem advisable to record for future reference."

The foregoing is a mere suggestion of the good work done. They know most concerning it who actually engage in it—which many of our readers may do, if their hearts prompt them, either by contributions in money, clothing, toys, books, railroad tickets, etc.—or, if they live within a day's journey of Philadelphia, invitations to their homes. It is needless to speak of the rewards which follow all good deeds.

Last year the Association was regularly incorporated, and is to have perpetual existence—unless, indeed, it outgrows the need of being.

The office of the Society is 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia. President, Hannah P. Baker; Vice-President, Charlotte L. Peirce; Secretary, Eliza S. Turner; Assistant Secretary, Florence C. McDowell; Treasurer, Mary F. Gauthorp. There is also a Board of Directors, composed mainly of ladies.

Publishers' Department.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, having received great and permanent benefit from the use of "Compound Oxygen," prepared and administered by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, and being satisfied that it is a new discovery in medical science, and all that is claimed for it, consider it a duty which we owe to the many thousands who are suffering from chronic and so-called "incurable" diseases, to do all that we can to make its virtues known, and to inspire the public with confidence.

We have personal knowledge of Drs. Starkey & Palen. They are educated, intelligent and conscientious physicians, who will not, we are sure,

make any statement which they do not know, or believe to be true, nor publish any testimonials or reports of cases which are not genuine. WM. D. KELLEY, Member of Congress from Philadelphia; T. S. ARTHUR, Editor and Publisher of "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," Philadelphia; V. L. CONRAD, Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 1st, 1882.

In order to meet a natural inquiry in regard to our professional and personal standing and to give the public increased confidence in our statements, and in the genuineness of our testimonials and reports of cases, we print the above "card" from gentlemen well and widely known, and of the highest character. Our treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC CITY.

All the indications look to a prosperous summer season at this favorite summer resort. Most of the hotels and boarding-houses are already well filled with guests. A number of new cottages have been built; hotels have extended their accommodations, and various improvements looking to the comfort of guests have been made.

Increased railroad facilities will be needed this summer, and in supplying these, the old Camden & Atlantic Road will, of course, keep in advance. Its recent purchase of the Narrow Gauge road gives it an advantage which its enterprising managers will not be slow to accept.

GREAT DEMAND FOR BEATTY'S ORGAN.—Beatty's Beethoven organ is meeting with wonderful sales. Nearly two thousand were manufactured and shipped during the month of May, from his factory at Washington, New Jersey. A special ten-day offer is made to the readers of this magazine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

20 Fines Gold Edge Cards, one corner turned. Ele-
gantly Printed, 15c. D. VAN BUSSUM & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y. 7-9.

150 Elegant Needle-work Patterns, for all kinds of Embroidery and Lace-work, with diagrams showing how to make the stitches, 15c., post-pd., 2 sets, 25c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay Street, N. Y. 3-7.

100 Large Fancy Advertising Cards, all differ-
ent, for ten 3c. stamps. Card Works, Montpelier, Vt.

3 Baking Powder Recipe Book, 25 cts. in stamps. Recipes: Carefully tested; invaluable to housekeepers to use with other powder take $\frac{1}{4}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ more powder than recipe calls for. GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y.

100 Transfer Pictures, 10c.; 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c.; 12 Perforated Mottoes, 10c.; 5 Fine 6x8 Chromos, 10c.; 3 Oil Pictures, 10c.; 3 Engravings, 10c.; 4 Chrome Mottoes, 10c. All for 50c. Post-paid. Stamps taken.

J. W. FRIZZELL, Baltimore, Md.

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THE UNIVERSAL BATH.
Faucet & Water, >
fresh & salt.
PAUCI BATHS. Many long in use.
Old Baths renewed.
Send for Circulars.

E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

70 ELEGANTCARDS, [Extra fine Stock] Gilt,
Ivy-Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses,
etc., name neatly printed in fancy type 10cts. 14 names \$1.
Agents make 40 per cent. Book of 90 Styles for 1882 \$25. or free
with \$1. Order. CAXTON PRINTING Co. Northford Ct.
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HEALTH'S FOAMING ELIXIR.

The volatile principle of the Seltzer Spa Water is lost in crossing the Atlantic. It reaches this country "stale, flat and unprofitable." But in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, this matchless natural remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation is reproduced in all the sanitary perfection of the original Spa as freshly drawn, and drank foaming at the fountain side. It requires but an instant to improvise the delicious draught, and for all the disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver, prevalent at this season, it is—in the opinion of our ablest physicians—a safe and admirable specific.

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IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of

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The remarkable success of this charming article of adornment, is due to the CONVENIENCE, COMFORT and PRACTICAL IMPROVEMENT APPEARANCE given to every wearer.

An absolute NECESSITY to those who have lost a portion of their once abundant hair—or to those who wish to LOOK YOUNG—whose foreheads are high—and whose hair will not remain in crimp; made of natural hair, and the waves are

of natural hair, and the waves are

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FAKE WIG-LIKE appearance, so EASILY SEEN in ALL OTHER waves and crimpes—

while the doing away with crimping pins and the danger of RUINING one's own hair is very important to every lady who VALUES her personal beauty and the OPINIONS of her friends.

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\$72 a week, \$12 a day at home easily made. Cosily Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.



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The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbias" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly-illustrated, 36-page catalogue.

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The regulating action of this delicious Tonic upon the digestive apparatus and its rapid absorption into the blood give it a wonderful curative power. It stimulates every organ to healthful activity, expels all humors and invigorates every fibre, without intoxicating. There is positively no medicine so efficient in curing dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism and disorders arising from diminished vitality. If you are suffering from bad cough, overwork, or any disease, Parker's Ginger Tonic will give you new life and is the best health & strength restorer you can use.

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COMPOUND OXYGEN, FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

THE DANGER OF DELAY IN PULMO- NARY AFFECTIONS.

We call particular attention to the following deeply interesting letter from the brother of a patient who died of Consumption. As in many other cases, our Treatment was procured too late; but its action during the brief period in which it was used may well be regarded as marvelous—prolonging life for many weeks, greatly relieving pain, restoring appetite and digestion, and giving comfortable sleep. The disease had, however, gained too deep a hold, and wrought its fatal work too surely. Nature, rallying under the influx of a new force and increased vitality, sought to repair the waste which had sapped the foundations of life, but it was too late.

As we have before and repeatedly said, "The action of Compound Oxygen in arresting the progress of Pulmonary Consumption has been so marked and constant in our administration of this new Treatment that we are warranted in saying that if taken in the early stages, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease, might be cured." In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now, Compound Oxygen is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality, which generally becomes apparent at the very outset of its use. This is manifest in an almost immediate increase of appetite and in a sense of life and bodily comfort. If the use of Oxygen is continued, a steady improvement nearly always follows; and where the disease has not become too deeply seated, a cure may be confidently looked for."

But we cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using this Vitalizing Treatment in the very commencement of Pulmonary trouble, and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to us are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That Compound Oxygen benefits or cures so large a proportion of these is often as much a surprise to ourselves as our patients.

"**RÉD. BLUFF, California, March 5th, 1882.**
"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Dear Sirs:—I am compelled to chronicle to you a different result from what I hoped. My brother died on the morning of the 27th ult. While this is sad, and especially so as he was in the meridian of manhood, I cannot be much surprised when I think of his condition when we were advised of and procured your Oxygen Treatment. He was numbed in sense and feeling, and was being hastened to the grave with such rapid strides that he would have been there in less than a week without your Treatment. Under its benign influence he lived nearly seven weeks. Not only that, but he was greatly relieved of pain, and regained a good appetite and perfect digestion. His sleep was comparatively good. At one time I was persuaded that he would recover, but it seems his lungs were too far gone and his exhaustion too great, and death only could relieve him. He died in full possession of his faculties, and even after his body seemed dead, his mind was clear and strong. He willed to see an absent brother, and stayed eight hours to see him. When he could stay no longer he said, 'I would like to see

Ira, but I can't stay; farewell,' and was gone. This I attribute to your Treatment bringing him back to consciousness. I have fully satisfied myself, and all attendants on my brother are satisfied, that there is great curative merit in the Compound Oxygen Treatment. If you find anything in this or any letter I have written worthy of publication, you have the privilege to publish with my name; or if you desire, carefully prepare a statement for publication."

"Very truly,

"M. V. ASHBRIDGE."

BRONCHITIS, WITH NIGHT-SWEATS AND CHILLS.

A gentleman at Ackley Station, Pa., procured a Treatment for his wife, who was suffering from disease of the throat and chest. This was in October last. November 28th he wrote:

"My wife's trouble was Bronchitis, caused by a cold which she had taken last March. She was also greatly prostrated, raising a great deal of bloody matter; loss of appetite and no strength; had night-sweats and chills, and seemed to be running down very fast. The Compound Oxygen was received, and she commenced taking it at once, and has taken it regularly ever since; and now, the 28th of November, she is almost as well as she ever was. She has some trouble in her throat yet, but not much. She has a good appetite, and has gained ever so much in flesh and strength, and is around attending to her household affairs, as usual."

"SURPRISED AT THE PROGRESS I HAVE MADE."

The patient, whose brief report we give below, had been a sufferer for twenty years with a catarrhal affection, which took on every autumn the aggravated form of Hay Fever. He also had occasional hemorrhages from the lungs; and was growing worse, year by year. In August last he began the Oxygen Treatment and reported every few weeks a steady improvement in all respects, though with an occasional return of bad symptoms, which, however, were of brief duration. After using two supplies of Oxygen, he gives the following report of results:

"My health has steadily improved in almost every respect. * * * Since my improvement, a good many persons are making inquiry about Oxygen. * * * I hope to be able to continue the use of Oxygen. If I did get entirely well, I will be a walking advertisement for everybody who knows me is aware of my 20 years' sickness. My friends are surprised at the progress I have made in the direction of health."

"AM EATING HEARTILY AND SLEEP- ING SOUNDLY."

The following case shows a rapid improvement under the effects of Compound Oxygen. With sound sleep and a good appetite, a return to health in almost any disease comes as a natural result:

"Am happy that I can write a more favorable report than I have yet done since I commenced your Treatment. My health is improving more rapidly than ever since I received your last Treatment. I am eating heartily, and sleeping soundly at night, and feel almost ten years younger than I did six months ago. In fact, I feel that my whole physical frame is undergoing a reorganization; or in other words a rebuilding up anew of my whole system. I consider that I cannot say too much in praise of your Compound Oxygen, for I do not think I could possibly have lived to the close of this year if it had not been for your remedy."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.